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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 92. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 92. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE ETIQUETTE OF FRUIT-EATING.

HOW TO DEAL WITH DESSERT.

Popular though it is in India and the West Indies the mango has never caught on here—possibly because it will not stand the voyage—so you are not likely to be invited to try a mango at a dinner party. If by any chance you are, take my advice and decline politely, but firmly.

The mango, which is a soft, brownish fruit, rather larger than a plum, is the messiest fruit that ever was.

If you try to cut it with a knife it spurts up all over the place. If you try to eat it holding it in your fingers it goes squelch over your shirt-front, or slips down your sleeve.

A Cinquevalli might be able to peel a mango, but I never could. I should say it was like trying to peel a jelly-fish.

From my experience the only safe time and place to eat a mango is when you are in your bath, and then you want another bath after it.

However, as regards the fruits commonly found on British dining-tables, they may, from the point of view of social etiquette, be divided into those which you should eat with your fingers and those to which you must take dessert knife and fork.

Almonds and raisins, grapes, cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries are eaten with the fingers.

With regard to grapes, don't spit the skin and pips out on to your plate. Place your hand in front of your mouth, eject the skins and pips into it, and place them on the side of the plate. The same applies to getting rid of cherry-stones.

Strawberries are correctly eaten with the fingers, each strawberry being held by the stalk and dipped in the sugar and cream before being conveyed to the mouth, when it is bitten off from the stalk.

But if the stalks have been removed then you must, of course, use a fork or a spoon and fork. You may, if you like, remove the stalks yourself, and then mash up the berries, eating them with a spoon or a spoon and fork.

Apples, oranges, pears, peaches, and all other fruits are eaten with knife and fork.

Peeling is rather a nuisance, especially where an orange is concerned. An expert will remove the rind in one ribbon-like piece, but for the novice the best plan is to cut the orange into halves, and then into quarters, afterwards removing the rind from each piece. Get rid of the pips in the same manner as grape-stones.

Also be careful not to bite a segment of an orange, as the juice will squirt all over the place.

When eating nuts, use a nut-cracker, and don't try tricks, such as smashing them with your finger or your forehead, you will only alarm your hostess for the safety of her glasses, and if you fail and crush your fingers or raise a lump on your forehead you will look, and deservedly feel, a silly ass.

C. WHARTON.

CHEEK.

A well-known music-hall singer calls himself "the man with the £1,000 voice." The natural inference is that all his notes are gold.

* * *

Says Mr. W. D. F. Vincent: "There is no doubt that drill makes an exceedingly dressy white trouser." We all know that it makes a smart soldier; but what is a trouser, anyhow?

* * *

At this time of the year women delight in summer sales. The men's hobby is the same spelt differently. They prefer summer sails.

* * *

The latest feminine fashion is the wearing of watches on the ankle. Among the sterner sex the old gag, "going out to look at the time," will now have a new significance.

* * *

ALMOST AS GOOD.

["Games are of the greatest importance to the country, both morally, physically, and intellectually."—*General Sir Charles Burnett.*]

If it's morals that you're wanting,
Then some racing will not hurt.
For if you possess no morals,
You can get a moral "cert."

Every physical aspirant
Should try boxing every day;
For although physique be lacking
You'll get "physic" anyway.

If your intellect be feeble,
You'd by hockey best be trained;
Because if you can't be brainy,
You can anyhow be brained.

* * *

Thus Judge Rentoul: "Our sons are terribly foolish fellows! But from whom do they inherit their traits?" "Please, sir, not from us. Always from muvver!"

* * *

A lady poet rhapsodises: "Death, what is death? A step towards the goal." Especially if you are a light forward, and the opposing backs are heavy rascals.

* * *

Mr. W. J. Locke says that most of the young men of the day don't know how to kiss a girl at all. Their efforts are, of course, characterised by the ignorance that is real bliss.

* * *

A writer declares that it would not be possible for the average man to get a wife if he did not deceive her. Here again, perhaps, honesty is the best policy.

L. S. COX.

MARRIED BY THE MAGISTRATE.

HOW INJUSTICE IS ENFORCED BY LAW.

To every worker for the improvement of the conditions of life among the masses, and, indeed, to the average man, it is abundantly clear that the percentage of cases where a husband or a wife petitions for a separation or divorce from his or her spouse is greater at the present day than it has ever been.

A fact which is not so clear, but which is none the less true, is that this state of affairs is due to a spirit of warped chivalry on the part of a great number of misguided magistrates.

The police-court nowadays is being turned into a sort of marriage bureau.

Not long ago a case came before a London magistrate in which a young unmarried woman sued her "sweetheart" for arrears of an enforced payment towards the maintenance of her child. On being arrested, and sent into the dock, he clearly expressed his unwillingness to marry the girl, on the ground that he was not in a position to support a family.

But the magistrate would not consider this excellent argument. Chiefly by means of threats of imprisonment, he forced the not very desirable young man to promise to marry the girl.

But under such circumstances, the married life of that couple does not promise to be of the rosiest description, and it ought not to surprise anybody if one, or both, of them does not appear in court again before long, to obtain a separation order.

We are most of us men of the world, and we are aware that in such cases as the foregoing the man is not always to blame. Not every young woman who appears in court to tell of her trouble has been basely deceived.

Is it, on the face of it, right, or even fair to either party, that he should be compelled to marry and support the child's mother against his will?

A great many people are far too prone to exaggerate the chastity and virtuous scruples of the average woman. Cases such as we have described are as old as the world; and plain commonsense should have made it clear by now that woman is fully as sensuous a being as man. In a great many instances she is not the hunted but the hunter.

What is the result of these marriages that are enforced in the police-court? In many cases life-long misery for both parties concerned, or else before long another wretched story goes to fill the sordid columns of the Sunday papers.

We protest in the strongest terms against the magistrate taking up the duties of a matrimonial agent.

A. C. MORDEN.

GOVERNMENT SLAVES

I.—IN THE POST-OFFICE.

There is nothing which would cause such alarm and so quickly cancel our prosperity as a commercial nation, as the refusal of the postman to fulfil his daily rounds, and yet it is among the postmen that some of the grossest scandals of underpayment and killing hours exist.

Socialist speakers are fond of citing our postal system as an example of what can be achieved by State control, but if under Socialism the conditions of pay and labour are to be similar to those among our postmen, then I for one, hope that I shall be one of the units of history before the Socialistic State comes to pass.

When I was told that men drafted from the Army and Navy, many of them with wives and children dependent on them, have to work as assistant postmen for an average period of fifteen months for 9s. to 15s. a week, I could hardly believe my ears; yet the fact remains that it is so.

THE MEN THEMSELVES.

Who are the postmen?

To begin with, they are not casual workers.

Some five thousand of them are drafted from the Army and Navy, all with clean papers, and the record of good service rendered to their country at home and abroad. The remainder are men who started as telegraph messengers and through long and arduous years of service have proved their worth.

Even the auxiliary postmen, taken on at Christmas-time, have to fill in a terrifying form as to all possible personal details, and have to get references to two past employers.

Thus, far from being classed among the great unskilled, these are men who have spent their lives in the country's service, have sustained an unblemished record, and are capable of withstanding the manifold temptations presented by a postman's work.

THE PAY THEY GET.

And for what wage?

It varies from 15s. to the magnificent maximum of 35s. per week. There are, though it is hard to believe, some places in the provinces where the maximum wage for the postmen is 21s. per week.

And his hours? Are they on the eight-hours'-day principle one hears so much about.

In many of the smaller towns of the country—towns in the same class as Peterboro', Penzance and Wellingborough—a postman, to do his actual eight-hours duty, has to work for fourteen and a half hours.

His eight hours will consist of the following, or, at any rate, similar duties: From 5 to 8; from 10 to 12; from 3 to 4; and from 5.30 to 7.30.

Thus between his duties, which have covered a period of 14½ hours, he only gets breaks of two hours—too short a time in which either to sleep or work.

In London the postmen are more fortunate, as their "eight hours" only cover a period of fourteen hours, and they only have to work three duties.

There is not a single office in the whole of the United Kingdom where the work is so arranged that a man could do a straightforward eight hours' duty with only an interval for food.

In the London postal area the maximum pay is 35s. a week; but this area is an absolutely artificial one, and contrary to all the dictates of common-sense.

For instance, at Croydon, where the rents and cost of living are as high as, or even above, the average in London generally, the men are paid on a much lower scale than those who live a mile or two nearer the City, and for no reason whatever except that the Department chooses to consider Croydon as outside the Metropolitan area.

Eltham is in a similar position, and there are a dozen other such localities.

The average wage for a postman in the London City *postal* area is 32s. 9d., but if the London City *police* area was taken, the average would be brought down to 30s. 6d.

AND THE PENSION.

Still, of course, there is the pension!

This pension, that the State gives to those who have devoted all their lives to her service, is not such a very noble affair.

In 1908-9 the average pension given was 15s. per week, with a bonus according to the agreement between the man and the postal authorities, the average number of years of service were 27, and the average age, 51.

A pension at 51; that does not seem bad.

No! But it must be understood that a postman cannot *demand* his pension till he is sixty years of age, and, consequently the average recipient of the pension in 1908-9 was *invalided* from service at 51; a fact which tells an eloquent story of arduous tasks performed in all weathers.

Under the new pension system, which came into force last year, the average weekly income would be less than in 1908-9, but that loss is made up by the fact that if a pensioner was to die, unless he had received £86 from the Government in pensions and bonus, that amount must be made up by the State, and given to his dependants.

HIS DEPENDANTS STRANDED.

On the average it takes a man eight years to absorb his £86 in bonus and weekly income, so that, taking the average pensioner in 1908-9 once again, after a man has reached the age of 60 his dependants have absolutely nothing to expect from the State he has served so faithfully all his life.

Think of this in connection with a man who has a wife and, perhaps, his aged parents, or others dependent on him.

The men and the authorities are now at loggerheads over the interpretation of the report of the Hobhouse Committee by the Post-Master-General.

The report says: "In certain cases wages shall be fixed by the unit of work plus the cost of living."

The men contend that this clause meant that in all places where the cost of living is high the wages should be increased, and speeches made by members of the Committee have confirmed this view.

But Mr. Buxton has read the clause as authorising a reducing of the wages in certain places, so that, while in 4,000 offices the maximum wage has been raised, it has been reduced in 900.

A specially hard case is the reduction at Mitcham and Eltham, which, as mentioned above, are just outside the area for the Metropolitan scale of pay, but with all the Metropolitan expenses.

The gravest case of all is that of the assistant postmen. Many of them are drawn from the Army and Navy, at the average age of 24 and 28 respectively, and have to work for an average period of 15 months for wages varying from 9s. to 16s. 6d. a week, and with this sum many of them have to keep a wife and several children. The rest are drawn from the ranks of the messenger boys entering at about 21 years of age and drawing the same wage.

REDRESS POSSIBLE.

The men's cry against this scandal is all the more bitter because they believe that if the postmen's duties were arranged so that each a period of twelve hours is covered, all these assistant postmen would be absorbed and become postmen proper.

Among the auxiliary postmen—men brought in to relieve any abnormal rush of work—we have the almost laughable position of the rates for overtime, in some cases, being less than those for ordinary work.

The postman's chances of promotion, too, are not very rosy. During the past five years only twenty men out of the 4,000 in Central London were taken from the ranks and made assistant head postmen—a position which carries with it a salary of 44s. a week. Their average number of years' service was eighteen.

As a matter of fact, there are only 50 to 60 of these appointments held in London, and the proportionate number in the provinces is, of course, much smaller.

Very rarely it happens that when a man has been assistant head-postman for about five years he is made head postman, with the salary of 60s. a week.

The figures given in the above are approximate, but in every case the advantage has been put with the Government. I am indebted for most of my figures to Mr. A. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Postmen's Federation Trade Union.

T. A. SUMMERS.

THE MONOTONY OF THE MUSIC-HALLS

It is a strange fact that when the average man has an empty evening in front of him he generally drifts into some music-hall or other. But in very few cases does he come out having really enjoyed himself.

For there is a dreary monotony about the average music-hall. After the overture, during which numerous pictorial advertisements are flashed on the screen over and over again *ad nauseam*, the first turn is rung up.

It is Miss Dolly Doldrums, dainty comedienne and dancer; and although we have not seen her before, we have seen many of her type; and we know what she will be like. We are not mistaken. She is short, very fair-haired, over made-up, wears a skirt down to her knees, and, alas! has bow-legs.

With an expression of unutterable boredom, she sings something about a "moon" and a "coon," who has "gone to roam" and then come home (this rhyme is too precious ever to be neglected); and then with an almost audible sigh of relief, she breaks into a step-dance.

She goes away, and a red-nosed comedian (he calls himself "refined") comes on. The burden of his lay is the toothsome kipper and the consequent "beautiful thirst."

Then a mournful person in evening dress meanders on and plays a flute.

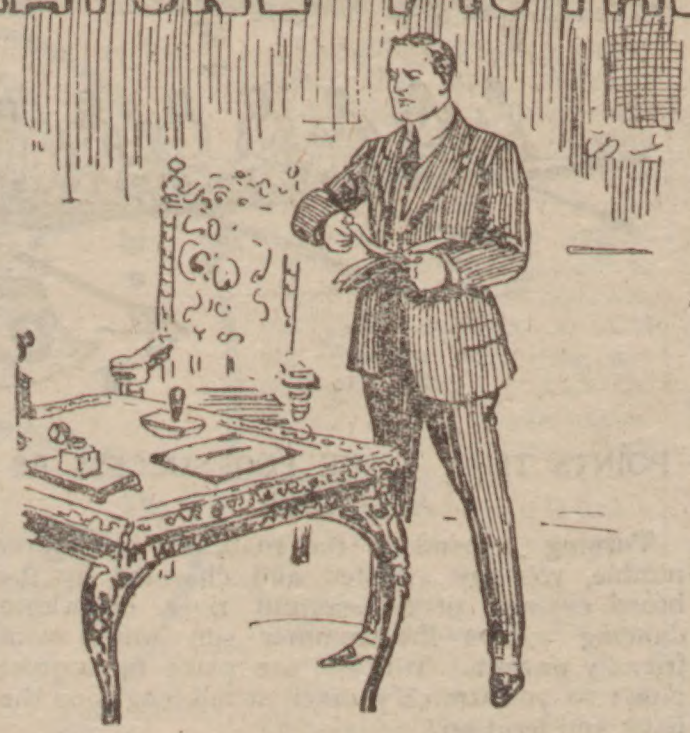
A series of uninteresting bioscope pictures close the entertainment. And we come away wondering what on earth we went for.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SIGNATURE AUTHENTIC

By E. WADE LANG.

(Being a hitherto unrecorded incident in the career of that arch-criminal and fascinating gentleman the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris M.P., as related by Terence Burke, sometime his secretary and always his faithful friend.)



The soft rippling of a Chopin nocturne in the flat below mine told me that Ferris had returned. I promptly went down.

I had not seen him since early afternoon, when he left me at the club saying that he had an appointment in Whitehall and would be back in good time for dinner. The time was now approaching seven o'clock.

"You're dressed, I see," he said over his shoulder, though he did not turn to look. A panel mirror in the piano gave him a view of anyone entering.

"Yes," said I, "I'm ready."

We had arranged, after dining, to go to the opera.

"Ready for anything?" inquired Ferris, still playing.

"Anything," I agreed heartily, not seeing a double meaning in his words until he swung round on his seat, a subtle smile on his lips and a familiar gleam in his eye.

"That is," I corrected, "I'm ready for Prince's and the divine Tetrazzini."

"You will be disappointed, old chap," said Ferris, "but neither is in the programme to-night."

"What then?" said I.

"Merely a quiet evening at a friend's. You have heard of Sir Wilbur Dane?"

"The inventor?"

"The celebrated inventor, if you please. Did you read your paper this morning?"

"Only glanced through it, I am afraid."

Ferris shook his head reprovingly.

"An event of world-wide significance," he observed, "and you let it pass unnoticed!"

"Was it to do with Sir Wilbur Dane?" I inquired, somewhat nettled.

"It was, old Irishman."

"Well, it must have been given no prominence," I added.

"My dear Burke," he said, "that is frequently the case with events of world-wide significance. Now a divorce, or a bigamist masquerading as a German baron ——. But, I'll enlighten you. Wilbur Dane has invented a contrivance which, affixed to a telephone, enables one to write at a distance. That is to say, by its aid one can not only speak one's message, but write it. It is an idea of great commercial utility, particularly as it is not necessary for a person to be at the other end of the wire in order for the communication to be registered."

"Is that all?"

"All! I considered it of sufficient importance to attract my interest as well as my influence."

"For some ulterior purpose," I interjected brutally.

Ferris raised a shoulder half an inch, dismissing the suggestion as unworthy.

"You forget," said he, "that the present Postmaster-General is my estimable parent the Earl, and that it would be greatly to the family's credit to be the means of introducing the innovation into the public service. I called upon him this afternoon to tell him so. I feared his perusal of the morning's news might have been no more thorough than yours. My fears were justified."

"Go on," said I. "I am still waiting for the essentials."

"Previously, however," he continued imperturbably, "I had seen Dane and satisfied myself that the idea had gone beyond the experimental to the practical stage. Hence I was able to persuade the guv'nor that it was his duty to move in the matter, and the result is, he and I—and you—are to visit Dane to-night to witness a demonstration of the capabilities of the invention. That is all."

I slowly shook my head.

"What has Sir Wilbur Dane done to deserve it?" I asked him satirically.

"You suspect me of motives of sordid gain?"

"I doubt your disinterested kindness; and your occasional outbreaks of energy are seldom without a cause."

Ferris looked at me with real or affected irritation—I could not tell which.

"You have me," he said. "I admit a motive."

"I knew it."

"The motive," he added, "was the very excellent one of obtaining a handsome subscription to the Slum Children's Outing Fund. He gave me a cheque for a hundred pounds. Here it is."

Smiling with secret amusement, he withdrew the paper from his pocket-book and handed it to me.

"Are you content?" he queried. "It is a cultured form of blackmail, I grant you, but the cause is good. The Fund is one which it gratifies me exceedingly to assist."

I returned the cheque, a trifle ashamed of myself.

"I beg your pardon," said I.

"Don't mention it," he rejoined, politely. "Now, as you are ready—for anything—we will make a start."

II.

Sir Wilbur Dane's residence was in Wistley Place, and he lived in very modest style. He was a bachelor, and I believe the greater part of the house sheltered scientific paraphernalia of all descriptions.

However, the room where we dined was of commonplace character, and there was nothing in our host's appearance to suggest the mechanical genius.

He was a big bewhiskered man, clad in the orthodox evening dress, with a jolly laugh and mild blue eyes, clear and truthful as those of a child. Child-like, too, was the enthusiasm with which he spoke of his latest achievement, and as Ferris was in his customary high spirits, and the Earl, white-haired and austere, condescended to unbend, the meal passed off merrily.

There were only the four of us. We lit our cigars and passed into the adjoining room, a cosy little compartment lined with bookcases and smelling of chemicals. On the table was a telephone of ordinary kind, except that it had a metal writing pad and pencil attached to it by wires. In a few moments the invention, beautiful in all its simplicity, was explained to us.

"I have another telephone in there," added Dane, gesturing towards the open door of the dining-room. "I merely place a piece of paper on the pad—so; the pencil, as you see, is in position. Now, I have only to write something on the pad of the other instrument and it will be reproduced here."

"In facsimile?" asked the Earl.

"Yes. If you will come with me I will show you. Remain here, Mr Ferris."

True enough, with rapid, almost uncanny movements, the stylo wrote firmly, "Dane's Autowriter."

I glanced at Ferris. There was an expression of cynical humour on his handsome, devil-may-care face, which vanished instantly as the others returned.

It set my nerves tingling; it caused me to watch, unobtrusively, his every movement.

"Very remarkable!" exclaimed the Earl. "Allow me to try it. I may write here?"

"Certainly. The pencil works on a spring which returns it at once to its former angle."

The Earl scrawled his signature, "Portington," and we went in a bunch to see the result.

"Extraordinary, most extraordinary!" The Earl turned to Dane and warmly congratulated him.

"I see it is a graphite pencil," said Ferris. "Cannot ink be used?"

"Equally well," replied Dane. "I have already provided for that. This fountain-pen replaces the pencil—so."

"Ah, yes. Now, Burke, go and sign your name. See that he does it all right, Dane, will you?"

"I also will test it again," said the Earl, following. "To have an inerasable impression undoubtedly enhances its utility."

"Ready, Burke?" called Ferris.

"Yes," said I.

And I signed Terence Burke with a flourish. Ferris laughed.

"You as well, Dane," he called.

Sir Wilbur Dane dashed off his signature.

"Hang it!" came from the next room; "I blundered with the paper. Wait a moment. Now . . . once more."

Dane, with a jolly smile, wrote, "Shall I make the subscription two hundred?"

Ferris answered, "Benevolence, thy name is Dane!"

The Earl chuckled, and, not to be outdone, took the pencil, placed a fresh piece of paper in position, and made a fortune for his host in a sentence:

"We are officially informed that Sir Wilbur Dane's 'Autowriter' has been adopted for use throughout the entire telephone system controlled by the Government"

"You may send that to the Press," he remarked gravely.

Ferris, returning, grasped the inventor's hand.

"What did I tell you!" he exclaimed, boyishly. "I shall expect my commission, in the form of a second charitable subscription, in a day or two. Many thanks."

"My indebtedness will still be great," returned Dane, his mild eyes radiating pleasure.

"Not at all. It is amply fulfilled, I assure you." And—was I wrong—or did my keenly attentive ear detect a flavour of derision in his tone?

"These facsimiles," he went on; "I may as well destroy them now."

And he tore the paper into pieces before our eyes.

* * * * * * *

We were back in the flat. Ferris reclined indolently in his chair, watching me through half-closed lids. I could feel that he was inwardly laughing at me.

"Disappointed, old Irishman?" he queried softly.

"Why should I be?" I replied, with inartistic indifference.

"You expected a sensation, did you not?"

"I expect anything—from you."

"What was your idea—that I was going to pinch the old buffer's conjuring trick?"

"I had none. I am only sure that you have been up to something, and that you won't tell me

until you have taken your fill of egoistic enjoyment."

He sat up, sparkling.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "It is true; I love to mystify you. Sit still a moment."

He stepped blithely to the writing desk, took up a pen, hesitated, and then spoke over his shoulder.

"Will five hundred compensate you for a dismal evening?" he asked.

"Make it six," I observed sarcastically. "I haven't the faintest notion what you're driving at."

"Six it shall be," he said. "Or, say, six-twenty. And ditto for me." He was writing carefully. "Twelve-forty in all—and an odd half-sovereign to pay for the cab. 'The City and Counties Bank,' he read; 'pay bearer one thousand two hundred and forty pounds ten shillings.' Signed——"

"Signed," I echoed mechanically.

"Sir Wilbur Dane."

He blotted the cheque and brought it over.

"A forgery," I said.

"My dear Burke, as if I would do such a thing! His authentic signature. Look at it. Signed to-night under your very nose."

"You must explain," I said, weakly.

"I will." He lit a cigarette, and sat on the arm of his chair. "I omitted one detail when narrating the events of this afternoon. I didn't tell you that I helped myself to one of the worthy gentleman's cheques. There was the book within a foot of my hand as he wrote out the subscription. Pay bearer, pay bearer! The words silently shrieked at me. Do me the justice to believe that I had no other motive in my head when I called to benefit my pet charity fund. But an opportunity so flagrant! My dear chap, I never seek excuse for my non-moral instincts, but did not the inventive knight deserve punishment for his unbusinesslike behaviour? Besides, considering the advantage probably accruing, he was getting off far too lightly.

"So I had a sudden revival of interest in his machine, sent him into the next room to give me a further exposition, and helped myself to a blank cheque near the end of the book. I was careful to remove the whole counterfoil neatly, and the chance of the old man's noticing the discrepancy in the numbers is not very great.

"Then to-night—you remember when I was alone in the dining-room and muffed the paper?—my round-eyed Irishman, there was no muffing at all. The check was in its place, delicately held in the right position. You tumble now to my intelligent inquiry as to whether the contrivance would work with ink? Bless you, I knew it would. He had told me so in the afternoon."

"But what if he hadn't signed his name?" I put in.

"Then a pretty scheme would have gone agley. . . . But it didn't. Like the obedient, unquestioning Irishman you are, you signed, and our child-like host, emulating the sheep, did ditto."

"And what shall you do with the cheque now you've got it?" I asked idiotically.

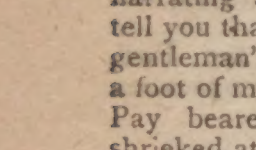
"Present it, old chap. Alter my appearance, as by now you are aware I am somewhat gifted in doing, present it at the counter, and walk off with the spondulicks. It will be an incident of enviable diversion. What if Dane himself should walk in while I'm there. . . . ?

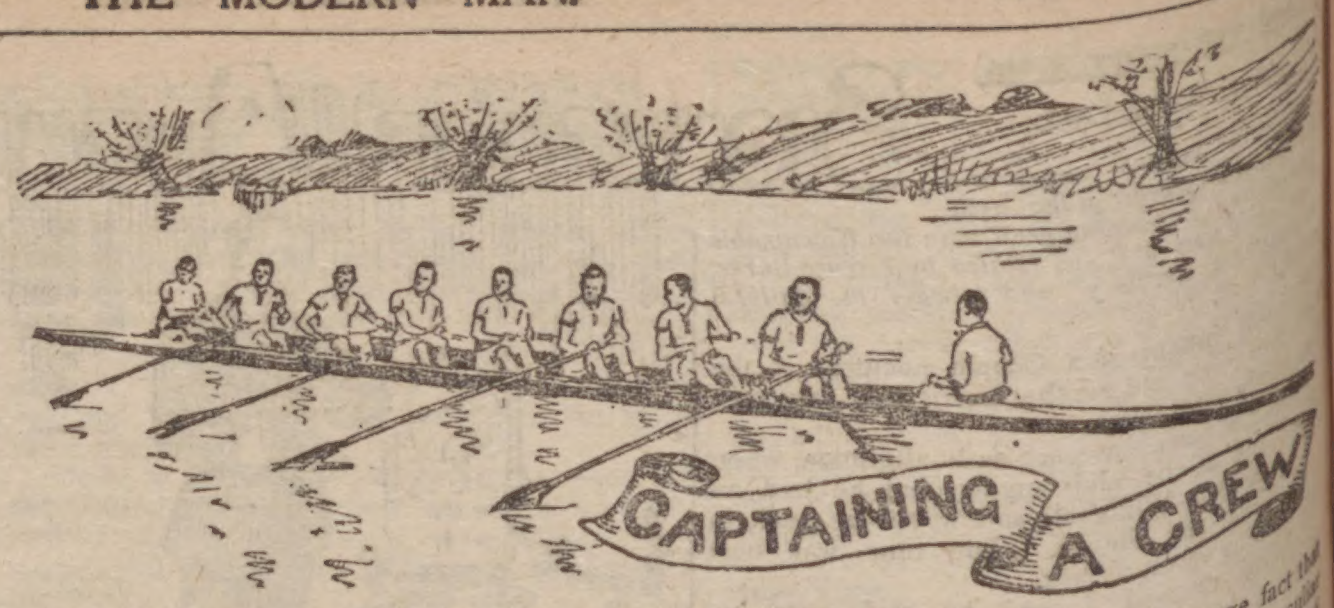
"But it is slight odds on his ever discovering the discrepancy at all. You have had an example of his uncommercial habits, and I doubt whether he ever checks his pass-book.

"If he does—and the matter gets into the papers—well, we'll call and offer our commiserations. He is wealthy enough to afford the loss. Moreover, have regard for my kindly influence, and the gain it will bring him. When I come to think, we might have made it more."

"No, no; I'm satisfied," I interrupted.

"Yes; a thousand odd is a sum he frequently draws. I glanced through his counterfoils to ascertain. But at twelve-forty—well, to borrow a phrase of Kipling's, 'It's jolly cheap at the price.'"





POINTS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS AS A LEADER.

Turning a bend in the road, on a country ramble, you are arrested and charmed by the broad expanse of a beautiful river, on whose dancing waters the summer sun smiles with friendly warmth. It is just the place for a quiet pipe; so you stretch yourself at full length on the bank and light up.

And then a racing eight comes swinging by on a practice spin, their blades gripping the water with delightful synchronism, and making miniature whirlpools as they swirl through it. No movement is violent or jerky. The men move altogether, with all the grace of absolute freedom, giving the impression that their actions are the result of one motive force common to them all.

"A well-trained crew," is your comment, "I'll bet they've got a rattling good captain."

In view of the great popularity which the sport of rowing is attaining nowadays among all sorts and conditions of men—a great rowing association has recently been formed of the employees of most of the big commercial houses of Western London—we may here give an outline of a rowing captain's duties, together with some good hints for their successful execution.

DISCIPLINE ESSENTIAL.

First of all, a really good captain must be a rigid disciplinarian. In the boat his word must be law, and so scrupulously should this rule be observed that no word should be spoken except by the captain and the cox. But on the other hand, a wise captain, for his own part, says as little as possible.

He should not nag at his crew, or at any individual member of it. If he observes a fault he should point it out, and explain how to correct it. Then the offender should be left alone until he does it again. And if signs of improvement are noticeable the skipper should dipense a few words of approval; for the value of encouragement cannot be overestimated in training a boat's crew.

Apart from actual rowing instruction, with which this article is not intended to deal, a captain's greatest concern should be the general health of his men.

Before practice is begun at all, each man should be thoroughly overhauled by a doctor, for though rowing in races cannot possibly harm any man whose heart and lungs are sound, the strain is far too great for any man in whom those organs are in the slightest degree defective.

Don't be afraid of being told that you are "molly-coddling" your crew. There is no athlete whose health should be more meticulously studied than the oarsman, for the very cogent reason that even the slightest illness will entail temporary retirement from the boat, and bring about changes in the crew's order which will seriously stand in the way of "getting together."

SOME ROWING COMPLAINTS.

Keep a sharp look-out, then, on the "colour" of your men. Complexion is one of the surest criterions of good or bad health. If you see a man turning pasty or "green about the gills," make him go to the doctor at once. It will probably only mean that his diet does not suit him, and must be changed. But it is a strange fact that rowing has a certain number of complaints peculiar to it; and the following are the most important of them.

In the early days of practice, however, blisters will cause some trouble, and, if neglected, may lead to blood-poisoning. The blisters should be pricked *at the side* with a clean needle before retiring, and until they have hardened into callosity rowing should be done in gloves, and with a pad of cotton wool over each blister.

TRAINING DIET.

Rowing men are very subject to boils, and when these put in an appearance the sufferer should reduce his consumption of beef and mutton, and the red meat of poultry should be taken instead—and not too much of them, either. And do not make the mistake of overloading the stomachs of your crew with masses of vegetables.

Probably a good many rowing captains will find this time-table of service to them for the training of their crews.

7 a.m.—Rise, dress (without washing) in flannels. Cup of milk and a biscuit.

7.15.—Brisk walk with one sharp sprint of 150 yards.

7.50.—Home, and bath, shave, &c.

8.30.—Breakfast: Fish, boiled or fried, without sauce. Cutlet or small beefsteak. Eggs, cooked in any way, except hard-boiled. Very little butter. Only one cup of tea.

12 midday to 1 p.m.—Out on the water.

1.30.—Lunch: Cold meat. Tomatoes in the form of salad. Toast. One glass of draught beer or water.

4.45.—Cup of tea and a biscuit.

5.30.—Out on the water.

7.30.—Dinner.—Fish. Roast joint (*not* pork or veal), a chicken, with boiled vegetables. Two glasses of water or draught beer. Stewed fruit with boiled rice.

10.15.—Bed.

TO COUNTERACT STALENESS.

As a result of this Spartan mode of life, there is bound to come a time when your men will show signs of lassitude and shortness of temper. Don't be alarmed at the thought that this is what is known as "staleness." The symptoms are, as a well-known oarsman puts it, "the half-way house to perfect condition."

Now when you notice these things, you should realise that it is time to introduce certain variations into the scheme of living you laid down at the outset of training. Grant your men a few little indulgences. Let them lie a little longer in bed in the morning, give them a basin or so of soup with their lunch or dinner, and allow them just a little more to drink than they have had hitherto. A glass or two of port or champagne on Saturday night and an impromptu sing-song are methods of livening up a crew which are often adopted at the 'Varsities.

What is more, ease down their work all round, and in a day or two they will be as brisk as crickets and as strong as giants.

But if you disregard the initial signs, you will probably bring your men to the course as stale and flabby as overdone shrimps.

J. C. MARTIN.

Wanted—A Royal Commander-in-Chief

A REFORM THAT THE ARMY WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE.

Since 1904 the British Army has been without a Commander-in-Chief, his place having been taken by the Army Council, consisting of the Secretary of State for War, four military members (the Chief of the General Staff, the Adjutant-General to the Forces, the Quartermaster-General to the Forces, and the Master-General of the Ordnance), and a Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, a Financial Secretary, and a Secretary, the last-named being also a Permanent Under-Secretary of State.

Has the abolition of the Commander-in-Chief been for the good of the Service? There are many who think that it has not. In saying so, one intends to cast no reflection upon the capacity of the Army Council, whose members are men of proved distinction. But the Army Council system is another matter, and there is reason to believe that the Army at large would prefer a Commander-in-Chief, more particularly a Royal Commander-in-Chief to government by the Army Council—why?

Well, in the first place, a Royal Commander-in-Chief, such as the late Duke of Cambridge, commanded loyalty, affection, and respect, not only because he was Royal, but because he was a practical soldier.

THE MAN ON THE COUNCIL.

Further, he was a human man. He took a most keen and personal interest in the Army. No soldier, suffering under an injustice, real or imagined, ever sought the Duke in vain, or, if his case were good, went without attention and redress. The Duke was accessible, and there was little that went on in the Service without his knowing about it.

Now for the human Commander-in-Chief there has been substituted an "inhuman" Council, a sort of company, or corporation with neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked.

The composition of the Army Council demands some attention, not in regard to its personnel, but to this way: The First Military Member is the Chief of the General Staff—Chief of the Staff to whom? The obvious inference appears to be that he is Chief of the Staff to the Secretary of State for War, and that means, now one comes to look into it, that the British Army is really commanded by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., M.P.

Now, eminent man though Mr. Haldane is, and many as are the letters after his name, they do not include even the V.D. (Volunteer Officers' Decoration), and, after all, is it desirable that the British Army should be commanded by a gentleman who, however distinguished as lawyer and politician, is certainly not a practical soldier?

On the other hand, if it is argued that Mr. Haldane is merely the constitutional political brake on the military coach and that the technical management of the Army is in the hands of the military members of the Army Council, then what of their position?

THE QUESTION OF JOBBERY.

Nominally, at least, they are equal to and independent of each other. How long would a regiment last that had four commanding officers?

To return to the question of a Royal Commander-in-Chief, adherents of the Army Council say that it has decreased "jobbery," and that where you get a Royal C.-in-C. there is bound to be much backstairs influence.

No doubt there were "jobs" under the late Duke of Cambridge; jobbery has existed since civilisation began and will continue so long as civilisation endures. It is part of the Royal code of honour to reward those who serve them, but our Royalties, at least our modern Royalties, are men of character and integrity, and far less amenable to backstairs influence than men of lower rank.

In military circles it is freely said that some of the most scandalous "jobs" ever known were perpetrated under Commanders-in-Chief who were not Royal.

Has the Army Council eliminated favouritism? It is true that they have devised the most stringent regulations against it—it is as much as an officer's professional life is worth to attempt directly to approach a member of the Army Council.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

But perhaps in their very stringency the regulations defeat themselves. Human nature is human nature, and a man in power can hardly help obliging his friends or favouring his protégés. Formerly, the power was practically in the hands of one man, now it is in the hands of many.

In the old days the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, and the rest could help a man along, but practically anything they did was subject to the confirmation of the Duke of Cambridge, and he being Royal could afford to be independent. As a common-sense man he knew that favouritism could not be entirely eliminated, but he saw to it that the interests of the Service did not suffer seriously.

It is rather remarkable that in the alleged "bad old days" men like Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, who had not a penn'orth of influence behind them, should have been able to climb right to the top.

Every member of the Army Council is now protected officially from suppliants as carefully as the Czar from Nihilists, but that merely means that whereas formerly such "jobs" as were done were done more or less in the light of day, now they are perpetrated in Cimmerian darkness.

Then a Royal Commander-in-Chief would be independent of politicians. Surely we have had bitter enough lessons in the past of the folly of allowing politicians to conduct campaigns? Yet the virtual head of the Army at the present moment is a politician.

THE ARMY'S OPINION.

A Royal Commander-in-Chief would command the enthusiastic devotion of the Army, but it is difficult to grow enthusiastic over the Army Council.

Is there less red tape at the War Office? Is the Army more efficient under the Army Council? There is not a tittle of evidence to that effect.

On the contrary, the general feeling in the Army is that for a man there has been substituted a bureaucracy. Above all, soldiers complain that they have no head, no one to look to.

It is not a question of leadership in war, but the fact that any large body of men feel safer, happier, and more contented when they are commanded by a man and not by an ill-defined, amorphous Council.

The Army would cheer the day that saw H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught appointed Commander-in-Chief. Both as soldier and man he would command throughout the Service affection, respect, and confidence. Can it be said that the Army Council does one or the other?

"Chinstrap."

THE GENTLE ART OF SELLING THINGS.

A SKETCH.

I feebly protested that I did not *want* a razor. That I already had five, and as my hirsute adornment was of but a mild and lazy disposition, I found it only necessary to remove it on alternate days.

The persistent packman listened quietly to my elaborate arguments, and then calmly ignored them. Just quietly and coolly he repeated the question that had already issued from his blue-red lips at least six times before.

"Wot's the *most* yer'll give for this 'ere be-ootiful razer, sir?"

Now I am a mild-mannered and inoffensive individual. I could not possibly get out of temper with the most provoking packman that ever entered the saloon bar of "The Railway Hotel." Therefore I smiled, and called for another "bitter."

The provoking packman didn't move. He stood regarding me with what I faintly imagined to be an air of deep pity. Evidently because of the absence in the configuration of my cranium of the bump of ability to recognise a bargain.

He was a queer-looking little man this packman. The middle of him across his mean diameter was almost as great as his extreme height. Not because of his possession of any pretensions to aldermanic rotundity, for I judged him to be extraordinarily lean. But in every portion of his attire there were fitted immense pockets, the huge capacity of which were taxed to bursting point by articles of domestic and personal utility.

He had determined to sell me a "di'mond steel razer."

"Wot's the most yer'll give fer it, sir? Nah, wot *is* ther most yer'll offer? It 'ud cost yer five an' a tanner in a shop, reely. Say 'arf-a-dollar an' it's yourn."

I admitted its superlative excellence, but—I really didn't want a razor. I'd got five.

Again the persistent packman produced his ever-green question—

"Wot's the *most* yer'll give fer it, sir? The *very* most?"

"Shilling." I murmured feebly. I hoped that by fixing the limit thus low I should soon be rid of this artificially-deformed pirate.

I breathed a sigh of relief as he jabbed the razor in its case, and dropped it into his pocket.

But I didn't know my packman. This was only an artifice.

"Yer a nard nut, sir. A nard nut. Cost *me* mor'n that."

He turned away with a sigh. Then suddenly shot round again and pushed the case into my hand.

"'Ere, gimme a couple o' bob fer it."

Pointing out the obvious truism that an article at any price was not cheap to an individual who did not *want* it, I pushed the razor back to him.

"Well, wot is the most—the very most—you *will* spring. Nah, *be* honest, wot is ther limit?"

"Shilling," I answered stoically.

I felt that I must be firm.

"No, no, sir. No jokes. Wot is the *most* yer'll give?"

"As I do not want the razor, the most I will give is a shilling."

"Gimme eight'npence then, an' yer've got the cheapest shavin' implement yer've ever bought. There."

I was getting desperate. I felt that all the eyes in the bar were on me. I must not weaken.

"My friend," I answered calmly, "I would not give you a shilling and the fag-end of a penny smoke."

"Won't yer give a bob an' 'arf a pint?"

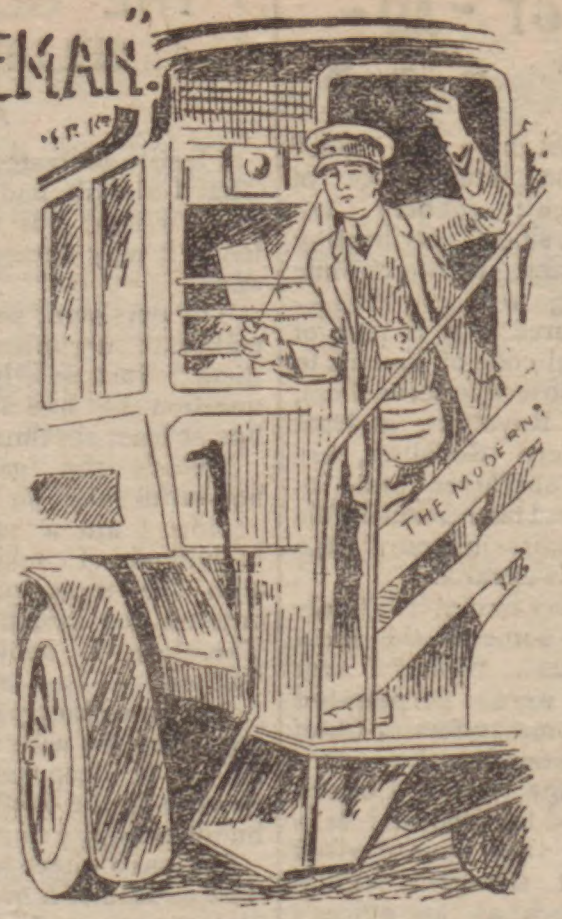
"NO!!"

"Well, *take* the 'an'some razer, an' gimme yer rotten bob."

So my stock of razors was increased to six. But somehow I had an uneasy indefinable feeling that if anyone had "scored," it was not I.

W. A. Moore.

"THE GENTLEMAN."



A MOTOR-BUS SKETCH.

"Don't give the gentleman tuppence," the old woman cried, half angrily, to the pretty boy. It sounded half-angrily, though to the pretty boy it probably conveyed no more than a casual objection.

What struck us all—for we were fairly tightly packed in a motor-bus—was the remarkable emphasis that the old woman placed on the phrase "the gentleman."

Instinctively we all looked towards the man thus addressed, wondering why an old woman with such a voice, and with such a child should ever be in danger of losing "tuppence" to any "gentleman."

"The gentleman" turned out to be the conductor of the car, who had just entered from his footboard to collect the fares of the odd lot that had entered at the last stopping place.

THE MAN.

In the midst of our curiosity the old woman broke out again: "Give 'the gentleman' a penny," and looking up into "the gentleman's" face she said: "Two 'apennies, please."

The conductor, *alias* "the gentleman," was in no way at a loss at being thus addressed.

A man in the least given to show his feelings would have betrayed his annoyance at the audible tittering that went up and down the car as "the gentleman" fell from the old woman's lips.

For, truth to tell, he was not very much like the human being who is usually described by those of a certain social status as "a gentleman."

He was dressed for his work, his hands were grimy with much handling of poor people's coppers, and his clothes were not very new or clean.

That he had been conducting for some hours without a break and that he had on several occasions during that time given the driver a hand with the rebellious engines, none of us considered. Anyway we were amused when he was so emphatically dubbed "the gentleman."

The mild interest the incident had provoked was rapidly dying, and it finally vanished when from one of the seats a piping, strident voice demanded to be put down at, let us say, Figg Street. There was no graciousness in the tone. It was a raucous command, tinctured with a suspicion of women's rights and a dislike of men's privileges.

"Very well, madam," said "the gentleman."

"If I go past Figg Street I shall report yer," she added, to make sure.

"You shall be put down there, ma'am," the conductor replied.

A CONDUCTOR'S TRIALS.

And sure enough at Figg Street the bell tinkled and the car drew up, and "the gentleman" carefully assisted his imperious fare to the ground.

Moreover, his was the only face on which there was no smirk or smile. He tipped no wink to a grinning passenger, but went about the business of conducting in a quiet and confident manner.

He was not in luck's way that journey, for lots of people gave him trouble. A child dropped her penny on the floor, and at once, with: "all right, mis-y, I sees it," he was down and had picked it up.

Then a half-sober passenger began the banter that is so hard to endure. The car was taking all night; the car was overcrowded; the car was this, and the car was that; and the County Council were everything idiotic.

"The gentleman" knew the type of man from long experience. Again and again he kept silent when he could so easily have said the obvious and appropriate word and raised a laugh against his tormentor.

But he refrained, and at last the tormentor, like all unpleasant things, wished to be off.

It was only then that we all noticed that the nagging passenger was lame and used a sort of crutch stick.

He hobbled up the car with difficulty, mumbling stupid asides to each passenger.

How would he alight, we wondered, with that limp and that unsteady gait?

Hardly had he reached the exit when the conductor stepped to the ground. Putting out a steady arm, he made his querulous passenger take it, and gently he let him down to the ground and saw him safely to the pavement.

And then it dawned upon us all that the old woman with the pretty boy had spoken the truth unwittingly.

This man was indeed "the gentleman."

J. WILKINSON.

PAPER SPORTSMEN.

It is safe to say that most of us know the "paper sportsman," but although we are not over fastidious in our criticism of our fellow-men, we do not like him. For, though his talk deals monotonously with sport, his knowledge of it is wholely derived from a study of newspapers—theoretical and not practical.

The "paper sportsman" is generally addicted to talking horses. He descants on the subject of "certs" and "snips," how this and that "gee-gee" has been "well let in" for the Footletosh Stakes and so on; but the betting is that if he had to mount a horse he wouldn't know the right side to do it on. The "paper sportsman" is no sportsman at all.

The genuine athlete talks a good deal less about it, and does a good deal more.

FIELDING POINT.

To field well at point a man must have nerve and the quickest of hands and eyes. He seldom has time to see the ball actually come to him.

A good point watches the ball and the bat like a lynx. He anticipates the stroke, and his hands are in position to take the ball almost before it comes off the bat.

Against fast bowling point should stand in direct line with the popping crease, and about twelve yards from it. The faster the bowling, the sharper should he stand—that is, more in a line with the wicket—for against very fast bowling most cuts go square with or behind the wicket.

Against slow bowling, on the other hand, point should come in closer, say to about six yards, and stand more round towards cover point, for most slow bowling catches are usually given in front of the wicket.

Against a "stonewaller" point is sometimes called upon to go "silly point"—that is, to stand almost in front of the batsman, and close enough to catch the ball as it drops off the bat.

"Silly point" is a dangerous position though, for if the "stonewaller" suddenly opens his shoulders and lets fly, "silly point" is apt to require a stretcher.

AIDS TO MEMORY.

The surprisingly rapid growth of correspondence colleges for training the memory is one of the strongest signs that "memory" is daily becoming a weaker and weaker point with business men of the present time.

Some employers attribute it to excessive smoking, others, more frankly offensive, to deliberate carelessness; but be the reason what it may, the fact is undeniable that defective memory is a very common failing.

Therefore aids to memory are extensively employed. But, alas, many of them are of little value. For instance, the good old expedient of a string tied on the finger is of no use at all. A harassed business man, who just before leaving off work sees a string attached to his suffering digit, is in a quandary. To *which* of the many things he must remember does this uncomfortable bandage refer? For the life of him, he can't recall. So he tears it off, goes home, and then, after getting into bed, he remembers the frightfully important letter—too late!

An excellent expedient is to jot down on a slip of paper all the little things you must do before leaving the office—and put the memo somewhere where you must inevitably find them, for instance, in the outer band of your hat. This will save you a lot of trouble.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Fatigue Man

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

"Sure Sergeant an' ye can whistle your gayest chune this mornin', for it's me as overheard them a-blatherin'. You're a Soft-Jobber, right enough—a full-fledged double-barrelled, patent-magazined Sergeant-Major o' the Earl o' Damien's Own!"

Now, officers' servants, besides being in touch with all early information, are prone unduly to imagine happenings at times.

"Honour bright, Tim?"

Sergeant Hinchley, although in the midst of a vigorously-performed toilet, desisted from wearing his tanned flesh pink with a rough towel.

"Now did I *iver* tell ye a lie? It's right—an' here comes that good-lookin' County Kenmare pig, the Colonel's orderly, with a privit *an'* confidential communication no doubt. . . . *As* I thought! . . . Well, Sergeant Hinchley, I wish ye luck—not that people who get soft jobs like being Sergeant-Majors of Yeomanry Squadrons) want it."

It was only a few minutes later that the Colonel, a grey-moustached, homely-looking gentleman, confirmed the foregoing, and they were yet talking with a total disregard of the unwritten Army law which allows of little familiarity between a Colonel of dragoons and his senior sergeant, of certain little "afternoons out" south of Suakin.

Soon the whole barracks received the surprising news that Sergeant John Hinchley, the disciplinarian, the unerring trainer of good colts, human and equine, had been awarded a Soft Job, which is the Regular Army's compensation for cleverness in evading the fatal effects of bullets, fevers, white flag armistices, and such like.

"Goin' to teach the little boys to shoot, Jack?"

"Goin' to attend military balls an' parades, an' martial reviews, Jack—with the Brigadier-General lading out curds and whey to the superior haberdasher who commands the reg'ment?"

"An' then the Colonel's lady. 'An' how d'ye do, Mr. Hinchley; an' do ye really think that those poor fellows ought to sleep out in the open air for a fortnight without foot-warmers?'"

Fellow sergeants of his regiment sent these shafts at Sergeant Hinchley—shafts that fell harmlessly, for was he not at once the most just, the smartest, and the best-hearted man in the Dragoons?

Of course. Otherwise the kindly Powers that be would not have awarded him the Soft Job.

The Colonel said all this and much else in a letter addressed to the Adjutant of the Earl of Damien's Own, who in turn passed it on to the brewer of moderate beer, who was the almightly Major in command of Squadron "A," of which Sergeant Hinchley, late of the —— Dragoons, was the new Sergeant-Major.

"What's this?" said the "Meejor," creasing his ignoble forehead into a hundred wrinkles.

"What's this? . . .

"A stern disciplinarian who is capable of licking a squadron of raws into shape inside three weeks. Usually finds the bull at the second shot and stays there. Give him a free hand and he'll coax a donkey to do signalling."

The Adjutant sighed a little. His had been a bitter—a very bitter—experience.

"Satisfactory sort of man, I should think," said he, colourlessly.

He referred to the letter again.

"Khartoum . . . Atbara . . . Elandslaagte," he added to himself. "I wonder what he'll think of dear Major Waveney, to say nothing of the troopers of Squadron 'A' of the Earl of Damien's Own."

Now, the Highly Incompetents received their new Sergeant-Major with open arms, which was precisely what was to be expected of them.

Their old Sergeant-Major, who had gone into retirement but a few days previously, appeared in a brand new suit of mufti, and shook hands with Sergeant-Major Hinchley after the Major and the two subalterns had done with him.

Then the troopers of the Squadron who had assisted to adorn the regimental smoke-room for the occasion came up, and went through a great show of handshaking, some adding a few encouraging words such as "You can depend on us to give you a good time of it," and "We shan't overwork you," or, in some cases, "You'll find we shall all back you up, y'know, Major."

Sergeant-Major Hinchley sat down in a dazed condition, while a young man with greasy hair and very white hands, played "He's a jolly good fellow," which was sung feebly by the assembled company, Sergeant-Major Hinchley still modestly sitting.

He caught himself during the Major's address of welcome searching his mind for a parallel, and found it at last in the manners and usages of a nonconformity.

"It's like a crowd of Seventh Day Baptists receiving a new minister—sandy, mutton-chop whiskers, little eyes, freckled hands, an' all—into the fold!" said Sergeant-Major Hinchley, very much to himself.

After that he felt someone nudge him, and he knew he was expected to reply to the brethren there foregathered.

When he sat down they applauded respectfully, and a trooper by his side commented on the speech:—

"Rippin', old man," said that young gentleman. "Rippin'—all bar that about regular attendance at drill, smartness, efficiency, all that rot. They don't need tellin' that to-night you know. This is *conviviality*. See?"

The Sergeant-Major nodded hazily. The light-haired Second Lieutenant got up, nervously, and amid subdued titters, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, and the formal gathering was at an end.

They broke up into little clusters and talked. Major Waveney introduced the Sergeant-Major to the subalterns present—subalterns who looked at him as one examines big curios from Africa, and observed that they supposed he had seen active service, eh? . . . Oh, yes, and what did it feel like to have a lot of Boer blighters potting at one, eh?

The Sergeant-Major explained as well as possible. He recognised that this was their way of making him feel at home, and acted accordingly.

He was deep in a dissertation on camels as a means of transport, when a young man, evidently about to depart, came up carrying a rifle in his hand. Saluting the officers semi-officially, he turned to Sergeant-Major Hinchley.

Without preamble he pulled back the bolt of his rifle, showing a generous collection of sand therein.

"'Forgot to give this rifle to old Mac (this was the small-arms cleaner) to-night. So I thought I might as well give it to you, and you can bung it into store to-morrow, can't you? Good-night, 'Major."

Sergeant-Major Hinchley stared at the Lee-Enfield. Then he surreptitiously felt for the stripes on his coat-sleeve to make sure that he was not in actual fact reduced to a Trooper of the Earl of Damien's Own.

II.

A fortnight accounted for a lot of things, and Squadron "A," before its close, had very definitely formed itself into two sections: the Anti-Sergeant-Major-Hinchley and the pro-Hinchleys, the latter being in a position to boast of a splendid minority.

The Sergeant-Major, however, bore with a great deal, and fought hard to get used as soon as possible to his new position—that of dry-nurse to Squadron "A."

In fact, he so inured himself to becoming a sort of cloak-room attendant on the Range and in the Drill Hall that all might have been well had not one, Trooper Stainton, nephew of the Major and a youth of much pocket-money, elected to start in company with some of his choicest friends upon a campaign against the authority of Sergeant-Major Hinchley.

It is here that you who are in Territorial Regiments will be able to see clearly just where Sergeant-Major had begun wrong at the outset. He had not asked of the old Sergeant-Major anything of the *personnel* of the regiment. He did not even know what troopers he was expected to address as "sir"—very respectfully. His fault lay in his taking their stripeless uniform for granted.

He did not know what un-starred subalterns muddled through "learning to obey" in the ranks of Squadron "A."

And this was exactly what Trooper Stainton elected to show him—entirely *pro bono publico*.

They tried to accomplish their aim, of course, by breaking his most stringent rule. Dismounted drills were set for a day and time that did not unduly inconvenience anyone in business.

The Sergeant-Major had set about his reformation of the Squadron by firmly insisting upon each man falling in at the appointed time or not at all. The laggards who had been in the habit, in the old days, of strolling up and getting a drill counted towards efficiency for a mere twenty-minutes attendance, found themselves under the new régime ordered to remain spectators.

"This is interfering with our liberty. It's treating us as common soldiers instead of gentlemen," Trooper Stainton had said to his small band of conspirators.

Wherefore, one drill night as the clock marked half an hour after time, Trooper Stainton lounged up at the head of four boon companions, and, as in the old days, waited for the troop to form into line, and then fell in on the left flank with much jostling and muddled crashing with the butts of their rifles on the asphalte.

The Sergeant-Major glowered a little under the big arc-lamp that illumined the Hall.

"Troopers Stainton, Vyles, Harrison, Cobb, and Rigden—fall out!" he commanded immediately.

The late-comers stood firm, blinking.

There was a tense second. Then: "Rot!" said Trooper Stainton very plainly.

The ranks, with the exception of the conspirators, gasped. This was beyond even their mutinous spirit.

"Fall out!" the Sergeant-Major repeated, sternly.

Harrison, the weaker of the five, obeyed sullenly.

Cobb moved up into his place and Rigden filled up the gap left by Cobb.

"'Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell!'

Thus quoted Stainton, who eyed the vacillating Harrison with deep scorn.

The Sergeant-Major swiftly traversed the space that divided him from the remaining mutinous four.

"You men will fall out or I shall have you—conducted," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Major Waveney," said Trooper Stainton

witheringly, "is my uncle, and these gentlemen, not including that blighted renegade Harrison, are my friends!"

The Sergeant-Major refrained from pointing out that it was no matter to him whether Major Waveney was Trooper Stainton's grand-aunt.

Instead of indulging in further remonstrances he acted.

"Numbers One to Eight—fall out!" he commanded—and he told off four couples to take into their custody, with or without violence, the mutineers, and keep them in their charge during the rest of the drill.

"I shall report the four of you to the Colonel of the regiment!" he said. "March!"

* * * * * * *

Reading the foregoing those who have an idea of the fitness of things may be surprised at the confidential letter of the Colonel of the Regiment to the Major of Squadron "A."

Among much that did not count were the following remarks anent the Sergeant-Major.

"After perusing his report, which was in every respect an entirely fair one, I am yet led to believe that in your new Sergeant-Major you have a man who is in every way too zealous. That he is a good man I have no doubt, and, of course, he will tone down and learn in time that Territorials cannot be treated as Tommy Atkinses. . . . I leave it to you to explain tactfully to him. . . ."

The Major, let it be written to his credit, *did* explain—in full.

But, after much schooling of his brain, Sergeant-Major Hinchley could not get it to jump two fences—first, that discipline is unnecessary to the perfection of the training of a Territorial, and, second, that a Sergeant-Major to a Squadron should be delighted to act as fatigue man to the troopers thereof.

Therefore, when, hearing of these tbings, the colonel of his old regiment procured for Sergeant-Major Hinchley good employment in civil life, is it to be wondered at that Sergeant-Major Hinchley bade good-bye to Squadron "A" utterly without regrets—and left it to go to the devil its own way?

The moral is obvious.

CHOOSING A BILLIARD CUE.

When you have attained that stage of proficiency at billiards which demands a new cue it would be well to bear these few tips in mind.

See that the grain is well marked, and runs evenly up and down the cue.

The cue, of course, must be absolutely straight, and your eye will soon satisfy you on this important point. It should be both flexible and stiff, which sounds paradoxical, but what is meant is that there should be a certain amount of spring in it. A cue that is like a bar of iron is no good. On the other hand it must not be so flexible as to be "whippy," for that is an abomination. It should balance at the points of the splicing.

As to weight, it should not be less than 15oz. or more than 16oz.—anyway, that is a fairly good guide, though, of course, there are players who use exceptionally heavy or light cues—but rarely to advantage. A medium-sized tip is best.

It is a great mistake to buy a cue without trying it on a billiard table. A few shots will soon tell you whether it is a cue with a "soul" or not, a point you cannot possibly judge by merely handling it.

Having got your cue, cherish it. To get it into the best condition for play, rub it down with fine emery paper and then go over it lightly with a piece of wax. This will make the surface absolutely smooth, a great help and comfort when playing.

A little good olive oil, rubbed in from time to time, will prolong your cue's life. When not playing, the cue should be kept in its case, and should not be subjected to extremes of temperature.

A bad workman complains of his tools, but a good one takes care of them.

A cheap cue is a snare and a delusion. It is sure to warp sooner or later and will then be fit only for firewood.

EMPLOYMENT SWINDLES

To trade on the greatest need of the greatest number has always been, and always will be, the favourite occupation of the unscrupulous money-getter, and no sooner is one fraudulent method of doing this prevented by legislation than some other ingenious form springs up.

Not many years ago, the most lucrative enterprise of the human parasite was usury; but, as most of us know, the law stepped in at last, and reduced the chargeable interest on loans to a fairly reasonable limit, so that Mr. Cent-per-Cent had to look about for some other simple means of making money.

FROM USURER TO EMPLOYMENT AGENT.

"What, after money, is the next greatest need of the general public?" was the question that faced him, and he was not long in finding the right answer, "Work."

The usurer of old is now the Employment Agent.

The present writer has in his possession some highly instructive information concerning the methods of the swindling employment agent; and these, for the benefit of our readers, he proposes to set forth here.

But it should be clearly understood that many agencies do excellent work, and can be relied upon to act with strict fairness. Any advertiser in this paper, for instance, can be resorted to in complete security, for THE MODERN MAN would not accept the advertisement of any such business that was not of the highest integrity in its dealings with the public. On the other hand, however, there are many whose methods will not bear investigation, and who should be carefully avoided.

HOW THEY WORK.

Recently, a young man of high education—a B.A. of Cambridge—with whom the writer is personally acquainted, was the victim of one of these spurious firms. On leaving the 'Varsity, this gentleman decided to take up journalism as a career; and being quite unacquainted with the usual method of making a start, wrote to a firm of agents whose advertisement had allured him.

He was then informed that he must pay a guinea or so at once as a sort of booking-fee, before any position could be obtained for him, irrespective, by the way, of any commission they might charge him afterwards.

By following the "Situations Vacant" columns of a good daily paper, he could do himself just as much good; but the firm were, of course, not concerned to point this out.

So he paid the fee, and after some time, when a lucrative post of a publisher's reader had been elusively flashed before his eyes, he was given an engagement as a canvasser for a firm of newspaper photographers at a salary of 30s. a week, and commission, which amounted at most to about 5s. weekly. Then by the next post he received a letter demanding £3 18s.!

This, he was told, represented a 5 per cent. commission on a yearly salary of £78.

SEVEN HUNDRED PER CENT.

But how was the client to know that he would enjoy his salary for that length of time? His engagement actually lasted only four weeks, when he had earned in all £3 10s. The agents still pressed him for the £3 18s., which will be found to work out at the enormous interest—for that, indeed, it was—of over 720 per cent. per annum!

"Why cannot I obtain work?" is the question that every out-of-work clerk asks himself despairingly day after day.

Here again the unscrupulous employment agent is to blame. His clients are unaware that in most cases, as soon as they have filled up the form giving details of past employment, references, and so forth, a special inquiry sheet, "for the *confidential* use of employers," is sent to each of his previous "bosses."

PRIVATE ENQUIRIES.

In this, his name *and present address* are fully given, and such questions are asked as "Did he give *entire* satisfaction? Has he ever been insolvent, bankrupt, &c.? Has he *any debts or liabilities*? Can you say if he is addicted to extravagance, speculation, gambling, intemperance, or immorality?"

It is plain that with such a form to fill up an unscrupulous person is empowered to blast irretrievably another man's reputation. Moreover, that such documents are "confidential," which means that the possessor is quite innocent victim of spite or ill-disposition is entirely unaware of the forces in existence to prevent him from ever getting a job again so long as he continues on the books of that particular agency. But he pays his subscription all the time.

The method used by many such "agencies" to obtain victims is ingenious. They scan the advertisement columns of the newspapers for vacant posts, and then write to the advertiser offering to send along suitable people "from their books."

THEIR METHODS.

The next step is to advertise alluringly on their own account, inviting applicants to "write or call in the first instance, at So-and-So's Agency."

Naturally, hundreds of unfortunates turn up, and they are at once told that they must pay a booking-fee, generally a sovereign or more, before they can be put into touch. And most of them pay up, only to find that the vacancy has already been filled, or through the agents, but as a result of the original advertisement.

But the agent has "hooked" them, and pocketed their money, and that, of course, is all he cares about.

Day after day, and week after week, the victims wait in his office with pathetic, anxious faces, to see if there is "anything for them"; but they are only wasting their time and their boot-leather.

A last and earnest word. If you are in want of a job, seek it either through the instrumentality of an agent of undoubted integrity, or else by the simple expedient of scanning the advertisement columns of the first-class newspapers; but if you would be moderately prosperous, and retain your peace of mind, keep away from the Employment Shylock.

A. CLARKSON.

SUMMER'S MEN TIDE.

THE DAYS BEFORE NATURE'S WAVE BREAKS INTO AUTUMN.

Apart from all the sports that the seasons bring round in their train, most men find an increasing interest and enjoyment in watching the seasons wax and wane.

There are in the composition of every air-loving man [illegible] that compel him to take notice of these [illegible], and that help him to enjoy them in their turn.

And perhaps of all periods of the year this one of high summer-tide is the most attractive.

It [illegible] as the climax of all the year's seasons [illegible]. The tide began to flow far back in the cold and misty days of early winter, and the earth has grown and mounted, flowing over the earth in a grand swell of greenness until it has reached its highest point.

THE COMING OF THE FALL.

Very soon on its crest there will appear little breaks in the smooth, green rolling mass; the foam of autumn colours will stand out in patches, and a little later the whole verdant mass will come crashing and foaming down over the earth in a ferce of decay, littering the land with the wreckage of another summer.

But there is no need for a man to anticipate the end that is inevitable. While the tide is at its height there are ample pleasures to keep the mind and body active.

The luxury of nature is everywhere. Her prodigal scattering of good things impresses the mind with the inexhaustible strength with which she works.

Standing anywhere outside the view of cities a man who listens may almost hear the great sigh with which nature regards the accomplishment of another year's decoration.

There is now no gap in all the green landscape, and the earth bears its immense burden in silence and satisfaction.

NATURE ETERNAL.

Lying at ease upon the grass or within the shade of the wood one can share in the general quiet that nature has called in her processes. Just for a few days summer seems likely to last for ever.

Over the mind there steals a sense of permanence in every leaf. Hanging without a movement in the brilliant haze the loaded branches seem set for eternity in the landscape, and as if the powers of decay could worm their way into [illegible] beauty.

[illegible] has become a shimmering, trembling [illegible]. Only the atmosphere moves as a thin [illegible] curtain. It is all heat and sunshine, [illegible] cannot help his inclination to linger [illegible] the pageant.

[illegible] at a time the cattle, down by the [illegible] stream running through the meadows, [illegible] to stand immovable, part of the general [illegible] of nature.

THE INSECT MUSIC.

Watching the cornfields one can almost see [illegible] growing in the fierce sun, and memories of [illegible] reaping machinery of previous years remind [illegible] that some of the scene at least will change [illegible] how many weeks have gone. Then will come [illegible] the rage of stubbles—and sport.

[illegible] is not yet, and anticipation is lulled by [illegible] the ease of the present stillness.

[illegible] the eye is enchanted the ear is also pleased, [illegible] there is music in every wood and field. It is [illegible] the full chorus of spring, of many birds, of [illegible] winds, of sudden showers. These for the [illegible] have passed.

[illegible] their place there is a fine music that may go [illegible] unheard unless the listening ear is properly [illegible]. It comes from the wings of innumerable [illegible] insects, and the sound is steady, musically fine, [illegible] and penetrating. There is nothing like it in all [illegible] nature's orchestra.

Every bank, every gate and style, invite one to sit and simply live amid the pause in summer's progress. It is not a time for the exertion of sport, but a bathe in the pool shaded by alders and fringed by tall flags is deliciously refreshing, and to stand stripped and let the sun bathe the flesh with its warm glow thrills every nerve.

The bather dresses slowly, unwillingly, and is no sooner dressed than he wishes he were back again, and wonders why he left the water so soon.

THE DISTANT WORLD.

Down on the dusty road that is half hidden between straggling hedges the cyclist labours along with lowered head and toiling feet. The soft dusty rustle of the tires suggests infinite discomfort, and gives even the idle lounger a parched feeling in the throat that calls for a long, cool draught.

And all along the road there sounds the deep hum of the telegraph wires. Passing along the road one hardly loses the murmurings of one black pole before one catches the song of the next, and so on all through the countryside.

It is a song that has suggestions of a busier scene than this of cornfields and distant grey hazy hills. It is a link with cities, and a whiff of tar drawn from the pole by the scorching sun almost chokes one as much by its suggestion of crowded, wood-paved streets as by its actual pungency.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

Instinctively one makes for the hills. The track up the steep sides is dusty and worn. The growing corn has spread over half the path, and the winter's cart-ruts crumble beneath the tread, making the going tiresome.

The short turf higher up beckons invitingly, and once above the sharp white lip of the old chalk quarry slashed in the downside, you can lie at full length on the turf and rest till sundown or hunger call you away.

Up here the sun still scorches, but the air is astir, and the longer view helps one to feel freer of the suffocating vapours of lowlands.

Where the hills dip down to the horizon a glimpse of sea and the shimmering of roofs and windows in the sun shows you how far you have come and how far you have to return. But the time is your own, and you lie on contentedly, having but few such hours as these from year to year.

Even the possibility of sport moves you less than you expected, for this idleness is fascinating.

Now is time when one builds castles in the air, and tired of the building falls again into the blessed lethargy.

Never is the vista of life so untroubled as, when at such a moment, one partakes of the sacrament of nature.

You wait till sunset and at last drift back in the twilight to the town and its attractions, and once more to the company of comrades.

C. Easton-Grey.

HORSEMANSHIP.

AN ARTICLE FOR MORE ADVANCED RIDERS.

Most men, when they take up riding, go to a riding school, and in this course they are well advised.

Not only are they at once taken in hand by a riding-master who understands that it is his duty to be patient with the rawest beginner, but he is always at first introduced to a steed whose long acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of novices has led him to acquire a similar forbearance.

And so, by easy stages, one learns to mount on the near side, to hold the reins in the left hand and the whip in the right, how to ride at the trot, and even the knack of holding the breath as the animal lobs over the jumping-bar.

Then it is that the riding-master offers some well-chosen words of congratulation, and lets his pupil go; but he knows, and of course the learner knows too, that there is yet a lot more to be mastered before he can be called a horseman.

At this stage there is nothing better than to have quiet outings on horseback alone along secluded country lanes.

It is unconscious, easy strength that is the mark of the finished horseman, and remember, however naturally one may take to riding, a perfect seat can only be acquired by steady practice. Do not be too ambitious at first, but select a quiet animal.

Having mounted our hired steed let us jog along placidly, full of determination to hold the bridle as lightly as though it were a gossamer thread. Many inferior horsemen are want to take a tight grip and pull on the reins to keep themselves in position, just as they would in an emergency on the horse's mane. There must be none of this.

Adjust the stirrups until they feel comfortable, and give you the maximum of security and assistance. Indeed, you might, perhaps, have them a hole or so shorter than you will at a later stage.

The next point is to "get your seat right." This can be done by bringing the seat of your breeches well under you. Your legs will then fall into the right position, with the knees and toes so placed that, looking downwards, you can just see the point of the boot in front of the knee.

In riding easy, the leg should be free from the knee downwards; but in emergencies, or in performing a big jump, by slightly drawing the legs back and turning the toes a little outwards, you will make your calves help you greatly in obtaining a stronger grip.

Look straight in front of you, above, but not at, the ears of the horse, and endeavour to get a grip with the inside of the thighs.

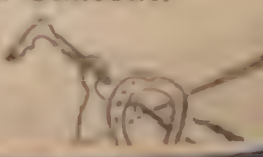
Little by little the muscles of this part of your legs will develop in response to the call made upon them; and an easy flexible carriage of the body will follow as a matter of course.

It is better not to ride the same horse every time you go out. There is nothing better for the man who wishes to proceed beyond the elements of riding than to make the acquaintance of a variety of mounts. He gains the ability to adapt himself to various paces, different cuts of saddle, and widely diverging builds of equine anatomy. And in this way the greatly desirable sense of confidence will come to him that marks the perfect horseman.

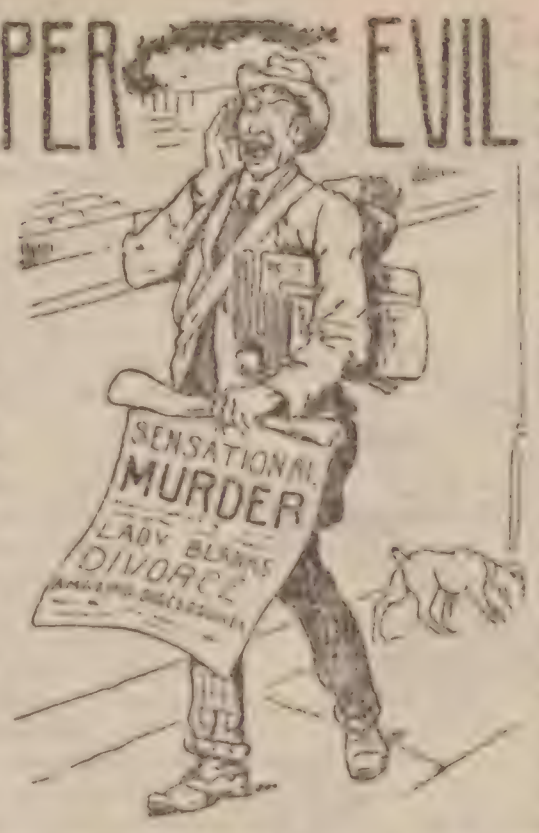
It is not a bad plan to make a riding-school for yourself. Get on the soft side of some farmer or small landowner and persuade him to lend you a fairly large field. Put down four large white stones to mark the corners of your "school," make a "bending course" by putting in a double line of posts at intervals, and you have a school as good as any.

To acquire the correct use of the bridle—not to forget the hand and leg—in steering a horse there is nothing better than practising to ride in figures of eight.

When you can do this, and go down a bending course without undue flurry or "hanking" at your horse's tender mouth, you will be well on the way to proficiency as a rider. Walter Gregory.



THE SUNDAY PAPER EVIL



AN ELEMENT THAT IS WARPING THE IMAGINATION OF OLD AND YOUNG.

It is one of the proudest boasts of the Briton that his newspaper Press is the freest in the world, that its power is incalculable, and that it wields that power solely for good.

To a great extent this boast is justified in fact; but of late years an evil has been springing up and gaining in undesirable vigour every week. The evil we refer to is the Sunday paper.

The professed object of the Sunday paper is to offer an exhaustive *résumé* of the week's important news to those who are prevented, by long hours of work, from reading the newspapers during the week-days. But is this object carried out? We fancy that a little thought will make it clear that it is not.

The Sunday papers certainly give copious reports of certain of the past week's happenings; but unfortunately those happenings are of the most unsavoury and undesirable nature, from the point of view of old and young alike. Police-court reports are the form of news which the Sunday editor deems the most urgent necessity of his readers, and he chooses those of the most sordid and objectionable character for their delectation.

WHERE THE NEWS GOES.

The great events of the day that are of real interest to the British citizen, the maintenance of our war-forces on land and sea, and the general progress of our relations with the great foreign powers—these things are of but secondary—nay, fifth-rate—interest, and are relegated to the "fudge" or "stop-Press" column, where they are vouchsafed half-a-dozen lines of blurred type.

The newspapers should be an educative force, they should point out to the thinking public how to improve the conditions of life at home and in the Colonies. The burning questions of the day, unemployment, for instance, should be dealt with in an unprejudiced spirit, practically, and with an entire absence of party bias. But this is not done.

What we get on Sunday is an account of how some poor madman slaughtered his wife and children, how a publican eloped with a barmaid, or the sordid details of a breach-of-promise case which concern only the parties in it.

IS IT WANTED?

This glorification of the meannesses of life is indubitably warping the minds of an immense section of the reading public. In the families of working-people these papers pass from one person to another. The father reads it, then the mother, and so on down to the youngest child who is able to read.

What is more let us consider whether the tired daily worker really wants a paper on Sunday at all. Sunday is everywhere recognised as a day of rest. Some observe it as a day for devotion—and all honour to them—while the majority, perhaps, regard it as a short space in which to recuperate and to restore energy for the coming week's work.

Weary brains, then, should not be troubled with any kind of newspapers, especially one that presents such eminently unalluring details as the ordinary Sunday sheet.

In the morning, a visit to the church, for those who feel inclined for it, in the afternoon a quiet walk or a lounge on the river, a peaceful hour in the evening with a good novel or some music—that is the sane way of spending Sunday.

Sunday should be a day different in every way from all the others of the week. On that day, news of any kind should be barred.

Another phase of the Sunday paper nuisance is the fact that vendors are in the habit of going round shouting their noxious wares at unconscionably early hours of the morning. Most of us have to be at work often as early as 8 a.m. on most days; so that we naturally like to lie in bed later on Sunday. What, then, is more annoying than the continual howl of "Sunday poiper!" that goes on all the morning from as early as seven o'clock.

The Sunday newspaper is undesirable in every way; and some sort of legislation should be set in motion for its material improvement.

A. Howard.

INJURIOUS APPETISERS.

Many strictly temperate men see no harm in taking a gin-and-bitters, sherry-and-bitters, or other "appetiser" before lunch or dinner. The practice, however, is most injurious, especially in the case of gin-and-bitters. The effect of the spirit and the bitters is temporarily to stimulate the appetite, but it ends by destroying the coats of the stomach and producing all manner of gastric complaints.

After all, a healthy man does not need an appetiser. If you are not hungry, then don't eat. At least half the bilious troubles of Englishmen are caused by their eating as a convention. Because it is lunch or dinner-time, they must eat whether they are hungry or not. To rely on "appetisers" for an appetite is as foolish and dangerous as relying on stimulants to get through your work.

On the other hand, if you have a healthy appetite, these so-called "appetisers" will blunt it.

Moreover, they spoil your taste for any good wine that may be going.

A HOME SHOOTING-GALLERY.

There is many a man who is a particularly keen rifle-shot, but whose business keeps him from enjoying his pet hobby, except in a shooting-gallery; and possibly even this form of shooting may be too expensive for him to practise as often as he would like.

But why not fix up a shooting-gallery at home? It will not cost much. Ten yards in length will do at a pinch, and many houses have cellars or greenhouses as long as that. The targets, which should have a sheet of iron behind them as a butt, should be lighted from above—by a skylight in the daytime, and at night by a lamp or gas. The last two, of course, should be screened so as to allow the target to "stand out" distinctly.

Only the lightest gallery ammunition should be used; and the continual banging should be deadened by means of some thick material hung loosely round the walls. Boiler felt, though not as cheap as some other stuffs, is excellent for this purpose.

Now a word about your targets. *Don't* use the kind that need somebody to go down and adjust them. There is bound to be an accident sooner or later. Use those that can be run up and down on wires. These appliances are not expensive; and are quite safe.

If possible, have a ventilating shaft in the roof to draw off the accumulation of smoke

THE PEDANT.

A SKETCH.

Those of us who daily cover the distance between suburbia and the city, are familiar with a certain quasi-studious and pedantic looking person who adorns our railway carriages.

With deep frown and pursed lips he earnestly peruses an ostentatiously solid volume of Herbert Spencer or some other volume noticeable for its obvious unsuitability for casual reading on a train or tube journey. Dante's Inferno and a "third-class smoker" don't seem to go very well together.

Now and again he lifts his eyes (more often than not be-spectacled) and surveys with half-pitying glance, his less erudite fellow travellers who, in blissful ignorance, are content to be practical, and to devote a short half-hour to a daily paper, or THE MODERN MAN.

We gather something, too, from his bearing. It signifies that he has built for himself a little mock pedestal, from which, buoyed up by his own self-esteem, he sits in judgment. To him, all pursuits other than that of books and bookish things are mere vanity.

What is sport? what is pleasure? The athlete is only gratifying the demands of his lower nature, and as for that form of piece of evidence of race deterioration, the theatre-goer—our friend shudders!

While making these observations he is, perhaps, becomes aware that he is being watched. His attitude now rebounds to the subjective. The look of abstraction is assumed for a moment, only to give way to a revivified energy of expression, as the book is resumed.

And when the train draws up, he is reluctant to emerge, having just discovered, it seems, another of the treasures his volume contains.

Wearing the "pale cast of thought," he wends his reflective way to the day's work. No hurry with him. One wonders how he can look so dyspeptic!

Now let us suppose we encounter this mutual friend elsewhere than in a railway carriage, and where we may cultivate more intimate acquaintance.

We go for a stroll with him. He is "unco'" fond of a stroll, for that exercise more than any other, is conducive to the serious discussion of deep subjects.

We commence airily with a remark about the weather, incidentally connecting it, in jocular fashion, with Halley's Comet.

Fatal step! Our companion, ignoring our witticism, plunges forthwith into the engrossing subject of comets, about which he, apparently, has a profound knowledge.

From comet to planet, from planet to constellation he leaps with astounding agility. We begin to think, suspicious celerity.

Haven't we read "Ball on the Heavens"? No! "Phew! What ignorance!" he audibly remarks.

At last, becoming slightly bored, we venture the timid contradiction that Arcturus is *not* in Ursa Major.

The punctured aeronaut with a gasp and a stammer descends to common earth, and for the remainder of the stroll discourses airily upon such safe subjects as Charles Dickens or the Veto.

When home is reached we heave a sigh of relief.

Yes, we all know him, and those who are privileged to attend a certain class of Literary Society know him better.

There it is that his pedantry blossoms in its fullest, and no debate passes without the intrusion of his borrowed platitudes.

The habit of reading is a fine thing, but isn't it a pity that it should bring forth such excrescences!

L. Jarvis

A MAN'S CHANCES IN THE NAVY.

HOW TRAINED MEN CAN JOIN.

As is pretty well-known, the Royal Navy catches its recruits young, finding the raw material for the "handy man" in boys between 15¾ and 16¾ age and youths of between 16¾ and 18. Able-bodied young men of good character, however, may join between the ages of 18 and 21 as seamen for special service, engaging for five years' service in the Fleet, followed by seven years, such period as will make twelve years in all, in the Royal Naval Reserve.

To MODERN MAN readers, however, being mainly young men, the purpose of this article is to point out those branches of the Navy which are open to men who have passed their twenty-first birthday.

To begin with, one may mention the rates of pay for ordinary sailors. These are as follow:

Ordinary seaman, 8s. 9d. a week.
Able seaman, 11s. 8d. a week.
Leading seaman, 12s. 10d. to 14s. a week.
Petty officer, 18s. 8d. to 21s. a week.
Chief petty officer, 23s. 4d. to 28s. a week.
Warrant officer (gunner or boatswain), £100 to £164 per annum.
Commissioned warrant officer (chief gunner or chief boatswain), £182 to £219 per annum.

These amounts, of course, include free rations, and may be substantially increased by good-conduct pay and the holding of special appointments, certificates, and so on.

IN THE ENGINE-ROOM

Turning now to men who are too old to enter the Navy as seamen, but have a hankering for naval life, the engine-room takes artificers between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight.

Candidates for appointment as engine-room artificers must be competent workmen at one of the following trades: Engine-fitters and turners, coppersmiths, boilermakers, engine-smiths, pattern makers and moulders are sometimes accepted.

Candidates must, of course, be of very good character and ability.

The physical standard is 5ft. 4in. in height, with chest measurement of from 34½in. to 35½in., according to age.

They have to pass an easy literary examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and not a very difficult technical examination on marine engines, engine-room accidents, and work in general.

Candidates not acquainted with marine engines may be accepted as special cases.

THE POSSIBILITIES.

Engine-room artificers are entered as chief artificers, and are paid as follows:

On entry 20s. 6d. per week.
After 4 years' approved service 40s. 3d. } Per week
After 12 years' approved service 42s. 0d. } and free
After 16 years' approved service 45s. 6d. } rations.

At the end of this period they are allowed to retire.

Chief engine-room artificers get from 49s. to 56s. 6d. a week.

Engine-room artificers can get as much as £91 4s. a week pension after 22 years' service.

They can advance to warrant rank as artificer engineers with pay of £155 to £191 a year, to commissioned warrant rank as chief artificer engineers (£209 to £246 per annum), or to commissioned rank as engineer lieutenants with pay of from £264 to £301 per annum, maximum pension of £200 a year, and pensions to widows and compassionate allowances to children, and rewards also given to all warrant and commissioned warrant officers in the Navy.

Then there are openings for fitters and turners, and instrument makers to be trained as electricians, rising to chief electricians.

Age, physical standard, and pay are the same as for engine-room artificers.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR COOKS.

The cook is an important person on a ship.

Able-bodied young men of very good character, with an aptitude for cooking and baking, and educationally fit, are entered on probation as second cook's mates for six months' training.

Age, 18 to 23; height—under 20, 5ft. 3in.; over 20, 5ft. 4in.; chest measurement, 34in. to 35in.

If found fit after six weeks' training they are confirmed in the ratings paid as follows:—

Second cook's mate, 11s. 8d.	Per week and free rations.
Cook's mate, 14s.	
Leading cook's mate, 15s. 9d. to 17s. 6d.	
Ship's cook (petty officer), 19s. 3d. to 21s.	
Chief ship's cook, 24s. 6d. to 31s. 6d.	

Further advancement may be obtained to warrant rank as instructors of cookery, pay from £100 to £146 a year, with pensions ranging from £50 to £120 a year.

Men of between 18 and 28 who have worked as whitesmiths, blacksmiths, engine-smiths, shipsmiths, general smiths, gunsmiths, fitters, turners (metal), or cycle machinists may join as armourers.

Height—under 20, 5ft. 3in.; over 20, 5ft. 4in.; chest, 34in. to 35½in.

Pay begins at 16s. 4d., rising to 42s. a week.

OPENINGS FOR CRAFTSMEN.

Blacksmiths (age, etc., same as armourers) get from 19s. 3d. to 23s. 4d. a week.

Shipwrights have good opportunities, for they may rise to commissioned rank as carpenter lieutenants, with pay of from £237 to £273 per annum, and allowances, pensions, etc.

They must, of course, be competent workmen on joining, and they start at 28s. a week.

Age, 21 to 28; physical standard as for engine-room artificers.

There are openings also for men of between 18 and 28 as coopers, plumbers' mates, painters, and carpenter's crew, with pay of about £1 a week.

It must be understood, of course, that a man can always increase his pay by good-conduct badges, special jobs, and so on.

Enlistment is for 12 years' continuous service, but in special cases men are allowed to buy themselves out.

The Royal Navy certainly offers good openings to young artisans, etc. The pay may not be very great, but it is sure. There is no unemployment, there is a manly and interesting life, and if a man sticks to it and conducts himself properly there is an assured and comfortable old age.

F. MORRIS.

SPEED IN SPORT.

SHOWING HOW VICTORY FALLS TO THE SWIFT.

Not very many months ago a boxing contest took place in Paris between a French pugilist and an Englishman. In the first round the Frenchman was knocked out and was unconscious for a considerable time.

When he came to he began to protest excitedly that his victor had not hit him, but had *thrown* some hard object at him!

"He was on the other side of the ring," explained the Parisian, "when—crack!—I lost consciousness! Decidedly he threw something at me."

But the referee and onlookers smiled. The illusion had been brought about by the rapidity with which the English boxer had "come in."

Nowadays when "infighting"—generally of a perilously illegitimate nature—is the order of the day in professional circles, the "long lead" is practised only by a minority of the cleaner-playing fighters; but it's none the less telling for that.

There is no game in which speed is a more valuable asset than football—of either code. At Rugby, of course, speed is desirable chiefly for the three-quarters, whose object is to get away fast and score. But, in their case, speed is simply a matter of sprinting and dodging; whereas at Association it is different.

Here it is particularly the forwards who are concerned—especially the wingers—and whereas the Rugger "threes" simply dart along with the ball under their arms, the Association forward must, even when going at his highest pace, propel the leather with his toes. What he should practise, then, is to touch the ball lightly *in his stride*, so as to send it just far enough ahead to enable him to catch it up again before an opponent can deprive him of it.

Some years ago, in a Test match between England and Australia at the Oval, an event occurred which formed an instance of the great value of speed to the cricketer. Clem Hill hit a ball hard past C. B. Fry at long on, and although it seemed impossible to save the boundary, Fry turned like a flash and flew after it. He just reached it within a few feet of the ropes, and what looked like a certain four was, thanks to his efforts, only a two. If every fieldsman could "go" like Fry, there would be far fewer "mammoth scores"—as the sporting reporter has it—in first-class cricket.

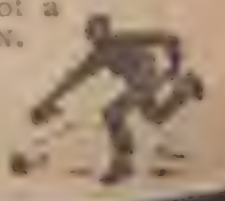
Practising "running catches" should form part of every cricketer's training, and should be considered as of equal importance to batting and bowling. The man who gets a friend continually to throw up a ball so that it drops, say, fifteen or twenty yards in front or on either side of him will, in a very short time, increase his value in the field by fifty per cent.

In the same way, a good turn of speed is of immense value to the lawn-tennis player; but here the great point is to combine the fastest possible speed with the greatest amount of convenience in returning the ball. Practically, the only way to improve your game in this respect, is again to enlist the services of a friend, who should keep on serving shots to pitch a long distance away from you.

Finally, here is a great tip to increase your speed in walking. Most men walk with a long, swinging stride, and with their toes pointing well out. This is radically wrong, for the amount of space wasted thereby in a mile is enormous.

Always walk as though you were "toeing the line"; and let your legs swing easily from the thighs like parallel pendulums of a clock.

NEVILLE GARTON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A PIERROT'S ROMANCE

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

The "show" was over. The "Piffling Pierrots"—that was not their name, but it accurately described the effect they had on such as expected to be entertained to a Tivoli programme for threepence at a seaside place—had done their little best.

The manager, who had been the be-chalked and persecuted schoolmaster in the concluding sketch, had finally padlocked the two doors, thus completely shutting out the open-air stage from the public view.

Above the deserted auditorium the moon shone through the slits in the ancient canvas, the erection of which had led the management to advertise that all the seats were "under cover."

Even for Swankerton, the "show," with the exception of one fifth-rate tenor who was ten grades above the fifteenth-rate comedians and comediennes who composed the rest of the crowd, did not justify its hand-to-mouth existence.

As I had easily recognised during the performance, the aforesaid fifth-rate tenor felt as one hideously apart when, after singing "Two Eyes of Grey" and "Songs of Araby," they included him in the "sketch entirely free from any vulgarity entitled 'School,'" and, as he was no humorist, made him take the part of the boy who had to bend over and be whacked every two seconds on average for the faults of the funny man.

It was the "Grand Opening Night." I did not wonder, at its conclusion, that I found the tenor, "Mr. Aubrey Millin," utterly and entirely alone, upon the only loverless seat on the upper cliff.

He was looking out upon the silvered waters of the English Channel evidently sentimentalising, while from the adjacent Swankerton hotel-bars came the raucous laughter of pint-swigging comedians and—"-ennes."

Following the excellent policy of the spider with regard to Miss Muffet, I sat down beside him, but did not frighten him away.

Instead, he ventured to speak to me.

"You seemed as if you *understood*," said he. "Thank you. Thank you." He relapsed in silence again.

"I saw you," he went on, after a pause, "during that abominable sketch. *You* didn't laugh at the—the indignities wreaked on the person of one who *has* sung at London concerts and whom frog-in-the-throat has reduced to—the 'Piffling Pierrots.'"

He ran his thin fingers through his long hair, sighed, and spoke again.

"Thank Gud, sir," said he, "thank Gud *she* is not taking her holiday here this year. . . . Look at that steamer out there. . . . Only a coal hulk bound North for Sunderland—a sort of returned empty.

"Yes! But—lucky old tramp!—*she'll* be passing Cromer 'ere to-morrow evening. Cromer—and Freda! . . . Freda, looking out to sea and perchance thinking of Aubrey Millin, little knowing (thank Gud!) that he is singing to a Swankerton audience with the 'Piffling Pierrots.'

"Good-looking, sir? Ha—well, I've seen many good-looking girls in my time—a few on the stage (who looked nice even when outside the stage-door), and many in the various audiences. There have been faces that I have been able to pick out of the mazy sea in front of me . . . eyes that burned themselves into my brain and made me forget the words of my song; but Freda, sir (dear little faithful Freda!) was—the *dernier cri*, the last word in womankind.

"When first I saw her, I was singing a little song of Guy D'Hardelot's 'Mignon' (perhaps you've heard it?), with a party of Society entertainers called 'The Sunrays,'

who are said to have made Mr. Pélissier of 'The Follies' green with something (envy, I think). Sir, we were great.

"Step-songs and tuneful dances (*vice versa*, I mean) were the forte of the rank and file of the party.

"I contributed such songs as 'Mignon,' which *this* lot here could never hope to appreciate in their little lives. I sang such songs as that! (Ah! all before the frog-in-the-throat days! The world for me is choked up now.)

"You know that part in 'Mignon' which goes:

"'Ah, must I sue in vain, my belle?
Say no, Mignon, say no!'"

Mr. Millin sang softly in the blighted-hopes tone.

"I'd ——" Mr. Millin's voice quavered, "I'd seen her early in the evening. She'd seen *me*—me in evening dress. A gentleman of *the* profession; a—a man a woman might look up to!

"I'm not that now, I know. I wear two collars per week if I'm lucky. If you look at my trousers very carefully you will observe that, in spite of the cold tea I've used to prevent it, shininess—that death of all blue serge suits—has overtaken it in places. There is that metallic sheen even across the shoulders. It's not wear so much as brushing. . . .

"Ah, but I am talking of the days when there was no frog-in-the-throat about Aubrey Millin; when his clothes were speckless and there was no suggestion of a looking-glass about his well-tailored back—Talking to you of Freda also—was I not?

"As I said, I'd come to the 'Say no, Mignon. Say no——'"

My pierrot sighed, and gazed to where the stern lights of the coal-tramp showed, pin-points in the silver gleaming seascape, Dealward.

"And—(she was sitting almost at my feet in the front row)—I heard her breathe softly as the first verse's subdued applause fell on my ears. . . . 'No' . . . !

"The second verse I sang to her alone of all that fashionable and beauteous audience! It was a time a tenor goes through only *once!*

"The next day I saw her on the little pier. I dared to speak. I—I did not refrain from lying.

"You know the old, old story? Said I was doing it for sport. Bored with the waning London season and so—for a bet. You understand? . . . Of course you do!

"The rest was easy. I only had to select one of Cambridge's colleges—one, with colours, record, &c., with which I was familiar, for preference. And there you were!

"I clinched the matter with a few verses, written—I was a little of such humour as I had at my command, just to enliven it . . . something to charm those pretty lips of hers into a smile.

"Thinking of those happy times, I scribbled them down this morning. Here I read them by the light of my pierrot's shielded from the wind by my pierrot's year's straw hat.

"Oh, my Freda, no mere cedar
's fit to write of you, my dear,
Therefore, I have borrowed someone's
Pen—and they will swear, I fear.
Yet, I cannot write a sonnet:
This is only random rhyme,
Calling back those days at Cromer
In the good old summer time.

"Had I met thee in December,
I'd have named thee Queen of Sheba
Charming to the eye, but lordy!
Colder than the wind that blows.
But 'twas in July, and so a
Liar I can never be,
Thus, thou art to me for ever,
Pearl of Cromer-by-the-Sea.

"Therefore, when you're sitting, sweetie,
All attention, wrapped completely,
In the singing of a Sunray,
Comic, sad or serio,
Sometimes think of that young fellow
Sighing 'neath the moonlight mellow,
Who was yours from Fri. to Tuesday
Not so long ago.
Whose eyes were blue,
Whose words were low,
Who sang 'Mignon,' by Hardelot,
Who whispered 'yes' when you said
Those summer evenings long ago,
At Cromer by-the-Sea."

The last match, burning his fingers, went out.

"A little thing," I murmured, "but mine own?"

"Exactly," said he, "And—I see you looking at the hotel bar, from which I perceive the alleged comedians and the ladies of the 'dainty dresses' (see small bills) have made their exit. As you say, beer at this time of the night is no comfort to the head. But—a white label, eh?—a white label!"

It was impossible to resist his enthusiasm.

* * * * * *

It came to pass that the next evening, having nothing worse to do, I hied me to the "show" of the "Piffling Pierrots," in order to be amused by the adverse comments of those knowing young men who, for all that they sat in the front row and laughed at the untalented ones, yet could not have sung a line to have saved their lives.

When one has paid threepence for admission, one is entitled to sneer at the men and criticise the girls' coarse open-work stockings. It is all included in the threepence.

That night, however, I was to experience something which was not included in the price of admission. . . . The couple arrived late, and were only too evidently honeymooners, the husband being quite polite.

The second half was over, when the little boy who fetched the entr'acte beer, and pulled up the curtain on the skew in his spare time, came round to the front for me.

At the stage-door, whither I followed the youth, my friend, Mr. Millin, in his pierrot costume, grasped me by the arm fervently and led me to a place apart at the back of the little box-like stage.

"Man," said he thickly, "do I look much of the cheap jester, the ab-

...er, the Tomfool? Truth, now, truth!" ... assured him that the pierrot costume ...uited him.

"Then," said he, heavily, "watch that ...rcent on your right and wait for tragedy!" ...stinct told me whom he meant.

It was She—Freda—who, now possessing the polite husband, had, all unknowing of the broken heart that beat fitfully beneath a certain tenor's grotesque costume, come to see the "Piffling Pierrots" without taking the pre... to read the "small bills" that gave ... names of the performers "from the principal London ballad concerts."

The funny man, I remember, came and told us about his mother-in-law, and a lady in a short skirt inquired in song what was the exact use of a pair of kilts if one was by profession a window-cleaner.

After this, I heard some altercation at the back, and then clearly "I *will* sing it!"

It was the tenor speaking.

"But you are sure to crack on the top notes," came the agonised tones of the distracted manager.

"... the top notes—and the frog-in-the-... I don't care!"

He came on meteorically, and handed the ... to the pianist. Throwing back his fine ... and cultivating a softness in his eyes (*I* ... it was the Cromer form), he announced "Mignon!"

... It was splendid . . . immense . . . . grand!

As he bowed, even the critical young men fairly roared out their applause.

Then the manager came on looking rather whiter than usual.

"I regret," he said, "that Mr. Aubrey Millin cannot respond to your kind encore."

Feeling vaguely that something was wrong, I hurried behind the flimsy curtain at the side of the stage.

* * * * * *

The doctor, who arrived a few minutes later, said that death was due to heart failure; but I am not sure that doctors are always right.

A MAN'S TOBACCONIST.

"I must say, this is rattling good 'baccy of yours! What is it?" One man will often say to another, and the latter will have to explain that it is a private mixture of his tobacconist's.

But, although he cannot take any of the credit of connoisseurship to himself, he nevertheless feels a certain amount of satisfaction at the thought that his tobacconist is a good man, a man who knows his business. He feels that the purveyor of his choice can be relied upon to give him smoking material of good quality.

For there are tobacconists and tobacconists. ... that a man has, during a lifetime spent ... buying, amassed a small competency. ... may strike him as a pleasant and profitable way of spending his declining years, to set up a small tobacconist's business. Well, it is doubtful whether the discriminating customer would be greatly pleased with such a venture, for, of course, the blending of tobacco, and even the correct temperature in which to keep it, would be beyond him.

But the best kind of tobacconist is as much a master of his trade as a skilled engineer is of his own. Such a man, for instance, surprised the writer, not long ago, by naming correctly the almost unknown mixture which he was smoking. It was the only mixture of this expert, which had one particular leaf in it, and that leaf he knew by its own particular "bite." The tobacconist to choose is a man who has served an apprenticeship to the trade.

Also take care that your tobacconist smokes a pipe, for if he does it means that he will have practical knowledge of most of his stock and will be able to recommend accordingly.

CAN BRITAIN PRODUCE A CHAMPION BOXER?

MATERIAL THAT SHOULD SUPPLY SUCCESSFUL HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Not long ago the Anglo-Saxon looked upon all boxing championships as essentially his own, but during the past few years the foreigner has begun to assert himself as a boxer, and now a coloured gentleman, Massa Johnson, is heavy-weight champion of the world. Following Johnson are Langford, Jeanette, and McVea, a formidable coloured quartet.

It is not flattering to our colour that the best four heavy-weight fighters in the world are of the negro race.

Sam Langford also lays claim to middle-weight honours, and if he could do the weight it would be difficult to find a man to beat him.

Battling Nelson, a Dane, only yielded the lightweight championship to another foreigner. Henri Piet, the Frenchman, is coming on, and, though easily defeated by Freddy Welsh last year, he is by no means to be despised.

Rudolph Unholz, the Boer, recently fought a twenty-rounds draw with Johnny Summers in Australia.

Nor must we forget the Yiddisher boy. Many famous boxers have been Jews.

THE MEN WHO HAVE BEATEN US.

Abe Attell was looked upon as practically invincible as a "feather" until Jim Driscoll took down his number.

All who take an interest in boxing know Cockney Cohen; and two years ago Kid Saxby, a Jewish youngster from Leeds, won the lightweight championship of Ireland at the Curragh.

All this goes to show how the Britisher is losing ground at what was once his own particular game.

In the middle and lighter divisions we need not despair, but we want a "big 'un," and a good "big 'un" at that.

In spite of those who speak of our physique in derogatory terms, we have the material, and plenty of it. It only requires encouraging and assisting.

Those who know and have seen Northern Rugby football know what a strenuous game it is. It demands—particularly in the forward line—a powerful physique, an alert mind, and a pair of nimble feet.

Northern Rugby forwards average between 12st and 13st apiece, and each possesses great strength for tackling, plenty of weight for the scrimmage, a fair turn of speed should the ball come his way, a keen eye, and a quick hand.

What more does a boxing champion require but material assistance and sparring experience?"

The "soccer" code also furnishes fine material.

Great Britain has the finest police service in the world. A "bobby" is of necessity a big man.

THE MATERIAL TO WORK UPON.

The Royal Irish Constabulary is a splendid force, and has many stirling boxers, particularly the Brothers Glennon, of Kildare, the elder of whom has fought a fifteen rounds draw with Private Warner, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, ex-heavy-weight champion of the Army and Navy.

Many of the famous Scotch athletes are indulging in boxing. Jimmy Esson has been in several little mills, and although quite modest about his prowess, thinks he is as good as Ian Hague.

Con O'Kelly, also, is likely to yield to persuasion and go into the ring, but many trainers of fighting men prohibit wrestling as tending to make a man slow.

We have also many big fellows in the Household Cavalry and Guards' regiments.

What we want is less commercialism in our boxing. If our pro'essionals themselves were imbued with a proper race pride, we should have no lack of champions.

Out of all this splendid raw material surely there is at least one man capable of wearing the mantle laid aside by Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Jem Smith, and Charley Mitchell.

It is only a case of the sporting spirit of the race, about which we hear so much, asserting itself, and this can only be brought about by the real sportsmen of the nation combining to raise the national conception of the sporting spirit.

W. B. TINSLEY.

SELF-ELECTED INQUISITORS.

It is apparent to everybody who knows anything about the business procedure of the present day that the methods of employers as regards the people under them are growing more inquisitorial. And though this may be eminently to the advantage of the employer, from the sportsman's point of view it hardly seems to be cricket.

Heads of business houses are far too apt to pry into the way their employees spend their time *after business hours*; and this they have absolutely no right to do. So long as a man does his work well, and behaves himself fitly in the office, it does not concern the employer what he does in his leisure hours.

COUNTRY HOUSE CRICKET.

From the point of view of the man who enjoys cricket as an active pastime and not as a spectacle, but who is not—as few of us are—a first-class performer there are few more enjoyable forms of the great summer game than country house cricket.

Its great charm lies in the fact that it is played in a spirit that is both peaceful and at the same time highly enthusiastic. In club cricket the individual player, be he batting, bowling, or fielding, is a prey to a certain amount of anxiety, for he feels that inasmuch as the result depends in a measure on his own performance, his own enjoyment must be a secondary consideration.

But in country house cricket, where the result will either be that the "Bachelors" will beat the "Benedicts" or *vice-versa*, each man "goes in" without a care, and enjoys himself thoroughly. He smacks straight balls to leg cheerfully, and serenely disregards the "off" theory. In short he plays his own game to his entire satisfaction.

But this does not mean that country house cricket is of an inferior order. Very often you will come across—perhaps without knowing it till afterwards—a bowler who has done mighty deeds on many a county ground, or a batsman whose feats are chronicled at length in Wisden's. Country house cricketers are of all sorts and conditions.

THE WOOD-REEVE.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

The last few years, with all the talk of afforestation, and the prophecies of a timber famine, have not passed unnoticed by the keeper of the woodlands—the wood-reeve as he is called in the forest districts where he has his work.

I can imagine few more pleasant jobs for a country-born and country-loving man than the management of the timber. Such a man has many advantages over every other sort of workman, for, as a rule, he is left severely alone, not only by his master but by every self-constituted expert.

The fact is he has no rival throughout half the county, and where trees, individually, or in woods or plantations, are concerned his word is law, and his knowledge is unique.

When you begin to understand the amount of wood-knowledge that this man possesses you are led to wonder not only at the amount he seems to know, but that there should be so much to know about what we casually call "trees."

Lumping them together as "trees" we have not the remotest idea of the differences in the habits and character of the many kinds, nor of the diseases and other accidents that befall them between their sapling youth and their sturdy age.

But these things are by the way. Let us have a look at the one man in the district who knows all, or nearly all, about them, but who will at once disclaim any knowledge beyond what is "bark deep."

How he acquired his expertness is to me a mystery. He will tell you that he has lived among trees and almost in the woods ever since he can remember, and he has grown up and absorbed what he knows insensibly.

He is a youngish man still, though very wise where wood is concerned. He is wiry, tall, brown, and healthy as the polished chestnut that bursts its green, spiky shell in autumn.

He can tell a tree blindfolded by the smell of its bark, the feel of its bark, the shape of its trunk, the form of its leaves, and by other means too, more subtle than these.

Looking from his cottage he can sweep with those keen grey eyes round many miles of wooded hills, and a glance is sufficient to tell him where the elms give place to beeches and where the larches are tallest and straightest.

Trees, indeed, are to him as dear and familiar as her children to a mother, and I verily believe he signs their death-warrants with a twinge of pain.

Walking over the land, he visits his many nurseries and watches the progress of the growth with an expert's appreciation.

In some woods he finds the men at work, carrying out thinning processes; felling giants that are in danger of becoming useless, and sparing only those straight and healthy youngsters that show promise of regular development.

The tree that to you and me would seem to have ages of sturdy life before it may be attacked by some ineradicable malady that may spread. He can by certain signs, known only by long observation and loving interest, detect these diseases. And down comes the tree without delay.

Timber to this man is a commodity of varying qualities and infinite grades of value.

Its measurement alone is a mystery to all but the wood-reeve.

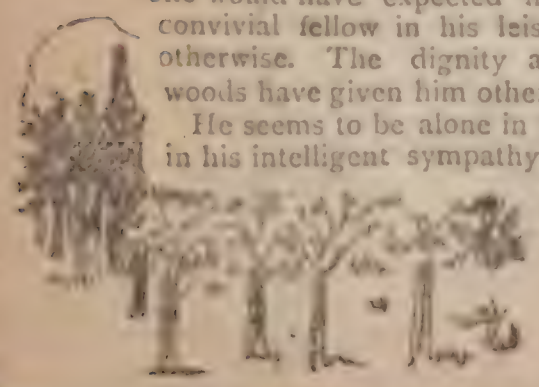
With critical eye and what seem to be a few rough measurements, he will tell you to a very narrow margin what the rough trunk is worth, and what it will fetch in certain markets.

In this part of his work there is no sentiment. A bargain is hard to drive with him. The uttermost farthing must be screwed out of the timber.

In bearing he is retiring and self-contained. Spending so many hours away from his fellows, one would have expected him to be a talkative, convivial fellow in his leisure hours. But it is otherwise. The dignity and silence of great woods have given him other qualities.

He seems to be alone in the whole countryside in his intelligent sympathy with the trees. And for this I like him.

M. Bruce.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A SPORTING PHOTOGRAPH.

A reader sends me a letter and a photograph. I shall deal with the photograph first.

It is a print cut from a weekly paper, and it depicts the Pembroke College eight after the finish of their magnificent race against wind and stream with Balliol at Henley. Of the eight men all are absolutely done to the world except two. These two still maintain a firm grasp of their oars, and look as if they were good for another hundred yards or more. The other six are hopelessly beaten, and their positions indicate the most extreme exhaustion.

Now for the letter:

"I enclose," says my reader, "a photograph which surely ought to be interesting to you. Here we see a number of young men—amongst the best that our country can produce—exhausted to the danger point, and for what? Only to win a race.

"I should not be surprised to hear that some of them will become invalids within the next month or two, and even that some of them will die. I don't think any man who rowed in that boat could be immune from bad after effects. They may come when he is forty or fifty, but I am sure that they will come, for the terrific strain which can produce such collapse as is shown in the photograph must affect a man's heart.

"If exhaustion like this is the penalty of success in sport, I must say that I am glad that my own sports are less active; or, perhaps, I should not call them sports at all, but rather recreations, for my hobby is either to read or to take a walk with a friend for two or three miles.

"Your paper, more than all others, is an advocate of sport; but don't you think that there is another side to the question? If men are induced by sporting competition to bring themselves to such a state of collapse, surely sport is a very bad thing."

NUMBERS FOUR AND FIVE.

My reader speaks of the exhaustion of a sporting contest damaging a man's heart. It may do so, but, in my humble opinion, it benefits his soul.

Some day there will appear amongst us a thinker and writer who can express these matters more lucidly than I can. If he is already born I place my pages at his service. As it is, in these matters I can only feel intensely; I can neither express my feelings nor do I show in the ordinary course of the day's work that I even experience feeling.

Numbers four and five in the boat depicted in the photograph are perhaps in the worst plight of all. Number four has released his hold of the oar and is falling backwards. Number five has fallen forward over his oar, and his head is resting on the muscular shoulders of number four.

I have seen Academy pictures that attempted to visualise an emotion, but I have never seen anything that has struck me more forcibly than this photograph, particularly the part of it showing these two young men at the end of the race.

One may moralise a great deal about it. One might show that they have undergone months of arduous training, that their motive has been the success of their college, personal vanity, and so forth. But I have no desire to moralise about the matter. I only want to state, as far as lies in my power, how a man feels in such circumstances.

I do not mind betting that number four and number five of that particular boat will be through life the very fastest of friends.

SUFFERING TOGETHER.

Masculine friendship is a strange quality that has never yet been adequately analysed or dealt with. You meet a man casually, you like him rather, and he likes you, and eventually you become friends. Probably you are both fond of sport, and together you participate in those sports that lie within your means. According to your personalities, your friendship eventually either fades away or else becomes marvellously strong.

In the latter case you have many troubles be... you—misunderstandings, unintended sli... nified into insults. But eventually you ... gether in a race, and collapse at the winning-po... simultaneously. You have been rowing long a... you were exhausted, simply because you would... not give in because he was there; and he kept... rowing for precisely the same reason. It is when... you recover yourself sufficiently and find his head... resting on your shoulder that you realise how... much he is to you.

It is the same in many another aspect of ... sical exertion. Those of my readers who ... Territorials will know the hardship of a long ... ride in the sun. Eventually there comes a ... welcome stopping-place, generally some... near a tavern.

You feel that you would give anything to ... your reins to someone, and betake yourself to ... cool shade where a cooling tankard is ... the ordering, but you know that the horses ... to be attended to first.

Even though you know this, the tankard and ... the shade still have their allurements. ... see your particular friend looking after his ... and you do likewise. He does not show ... he is beaten, and you do not show ... exhausted you are, and it may only be a ... word afterwards or a long-drawn sigh that reveals ... the truth to you.

But it is then, if at any time on this earth, that ... you understand each other fully and that you ... one another as much as one man is capable of ... liking another.

Rowing races and other sporting ... unquestionably open to criticism, and ... that they have cost many lives, ... defeated crew, and even the member ... most exhausted, would not wish it to be ... The moment of his collapse, and the memory ... through his succeeding years, are worth to him ... more than success or anything that money can ... buy.

FROM OVERSEAS.

You will, of course, remember ... a few weeks ago, while I was ... cussing the formation of THE MODERN MAN, Limited, I announced that ... particularly desired my Colonial and foreign ... readers to have an opportunity of investing in ... shares, and for this purpose I gave instructions ... that a certain number of shares should be reserved for them.

It is with keen pleasure that I have to ... the fact that my readers overseas have responded ... most enthusiastically. I have just been signing ... some hundreds of share certificates, but as I put ... my signature mechanically to each of them I had ... a glance at the name and address of the shareholder. I am happy to note that so many of the ... shareholders who have recently come into the ... business are either in the Colonies or in foreign ... countries.

When I established this paper I realised what ... then believed to be a fact, and what I now know ... to be a fact—namely, that there was a demand ... amongst men, of whatever creed, and irrespective ... entirely of their place of residence, for a paper ... that would—so far as those conducting it were ... able—voice the note of masculinity. I am proud ... to write myself down a Briton, but I know very ... well that though we pride ourselves upon being ... the best people on earth, there are others, and ... therefore it is with the keenest pleasure that I ... welcome the substantial support that has been ... given to me and to THE MODERN MAN, Limited, ... by these overseas readers.

When I say that there are shareholders in ... Malta, India, Rangoon, America, and one even in ... Tibet, I think you will understand that the ... influence of this paper—which you have so kindly ... helped me to build up—has become world-wide. ... Let us work to make it an influence for good.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, Lond...

A WORD TO EMPLOYERS OF TERRITORIALS.

DO NOT GRUMBLE.

The season is once again upon us when a very large number of men from a very large number of offices, shops, warehouses, and from business houses generally will be called upon to undergo their annual Territorial training.

To the great credit of the vast majority of them be it recorded their annual holiday, or at least a large part of it, is given up willingly to Territorial work. They do not expect any special privileges in the way of extra days off, or anything of that sort. They look upon their Territorial training is entered upon with an unwillingness. Far from it. But it remains that instead of going off to some place and having an easy, soft—and sometimes boozing—time, they set out for Salisbury Plain, or some other open area, and go in for serious, hard, and exhausting work.

It is work for their country. It brings them no pecuniary reward, when all expenses are paid. It does give them, however, a very excellent kind of training. It helps to make them fitter than they could otherwise expect to be, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are taking up their own little bit of the burden that a nation always has to bear collectively, of being ready for the war that will come, when it does come, like a thief in the night.

The more, the merrier, say I, with all to the lot of the good fellows—Tommies, Jacks and Terriers—and may they have all the guns, horses, and all the rest that they need, to beat it may.

We are all agreed on the main point of the necessity for all this preparation. But there comes in the question—which affects chiefly the employer of labour—concerning the business inconvenience caused to employers by the absence of their employees from their work.

From some points of view there is unfairness to employers in the present plan of voluntary service.

For example, take two rival greengrocers in one street. Each employs three men. Two men in one shop are Territorials. They go away together for their training, leaving their master with only one helper.

In the other shop none of the employees are Territorials. They remain with their employer and take their holidays in town.

This means that in the matter of the work of business, the man employing Territorials is at certain periods of the year handicapped with the man employing no Territorials.

Looking at the other side of the question there is this to be said. The employer of Territorials is, after all, doing his duty to the country in allowing them to go off.

I do not say that the employer who does not employ Territorials is not doing his duty, but the other fellow is doing his more fully, acting up to the spirit as well as the letter of patriotism.

When we get down to hard, brutal facts we see that there must be this hardship, but it is one, so much that some employers have to bear, that some are at present able to escape it.

In other words we ought all to be Territorials, and all employers would have the same disadvantages, if any, with regard to their employees.

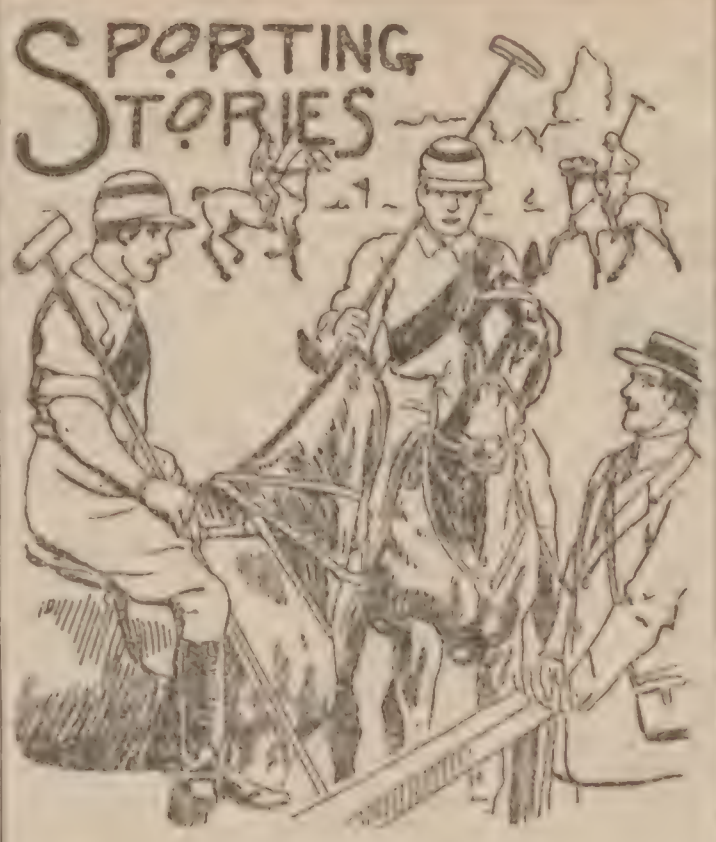
Unhappily, there have been a good many complaints by employers as to the inconvenience and loss caused to them by employing Territorials. The remedy is not to get rid of Territorial employees, but to do something by way of encouragement to other employers to give preference to Territorials, so that there shall be no unfairness all round.

Both employers are in the last resort alike defending for their safety on our armed forces.

Let those, therefore, who do employ Territorials continue to do so without murmuring. By grumbling they will only show their unwillingness to be patriotic unless the other fellow is the same.

Which is poor patriotism, indeed.

F. WALKER.



OFF TO JOIN HER.

The missioner was declaiming against the horrible vice of smoking.

"It was an invention of the devil," he said, "and all those who indulged in it were bound for the fires of hell."

Proceeding, he discoursed on belief for those who did not believe (as he did) there was no hope and the fiery furnace was awaiting them. No human aid could rescue them from their doom.

He had an aunt whom he loved very dearly, but she would not believe, and despite his prayers and tears she had joined the suffering multitude in hell.

This was too much for a big navvy in the hall, who, striding to the door, deliberately filled and lighted his cutty. Holding the reeking clay up he shouted to the missioner: "See, mister, I'm off to hell! Got any message for your aunt?"

"WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN?"

The broken-down individual asked the Johnny for a match, and on receiving the same, exclaimed: "Thank ye, you're a gentleman."

"Ah," came the patronising answer, "I'm sorry I can't say the same for you."

"Well, why couldn't you be polite like I was, and tell a lie then?" came the quick reply.

JUST PRIDE.

Mr. Maloney was charged with assaulting the police.

"The evidence shows that you threw a brick at P.C. Evans," said the magistrate, summing up.

"It shows more, yer honour," added Pat, proudly; "it shows I hit him."

SHE: "Let me see, is Mendelssohn still composing?"

HE: "No, decomposing, I believe."

"Do you know that I'm a MacIntosh of MacIntosh?" asked the fare of the cabby who had refused to take him outside the radius.

"Don't care if ye're a umberella of umberella. I ain't goin' no further," was the calm reply.

VICAR (to his sexton): "Damp cold morning, Rogers."

ROGERS (hard of hearing, thinks it almost too good to be true): "'Ellish cold, sir!"

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why is Lord Northcliffe called the Napoleon of journalism?

Because he is a little corporeal.

* * *

Why is one of Mr. Rogerson's horses called Little Pink Petty?

Because it never comes off first.

* * *

Why did a Boy Scout recently rescue a cat?

Because he thought the newspapers would like the tale.

* * *

Why has Police-Sergeant Gammon retired?

Because he doubtless considered that to stay on would be a little rasher.

* * *

Why is the "World" so gay to-day?

Because it is "all over" the "M.A.P."

* * *

Why has an Enquiry Committee declared that street-trading is dangerous for young girls?

Because of the numerous ac-costers.

* * *

Why do headmasters object to lawn-tennis at public schools?

Because they think it isn't cricket.

* * *

Why are Society people so keen on aviation?

Because they are all notorious "flyers," and don't mind a fall now and then.

* * *

Why are the Budget taxes so high?

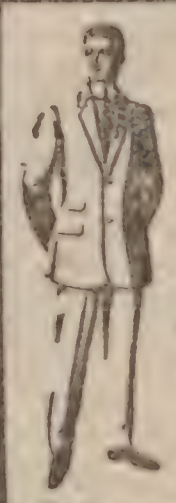
Because the Government want more money to burn—we mean, for Burns.

* * *

Why has the command of the Mediterranean been given to Sir Ian Hamilton?

Because his name alone proves that he is of the right metal.

C. SCOTT.



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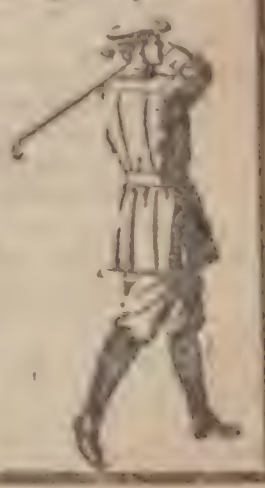

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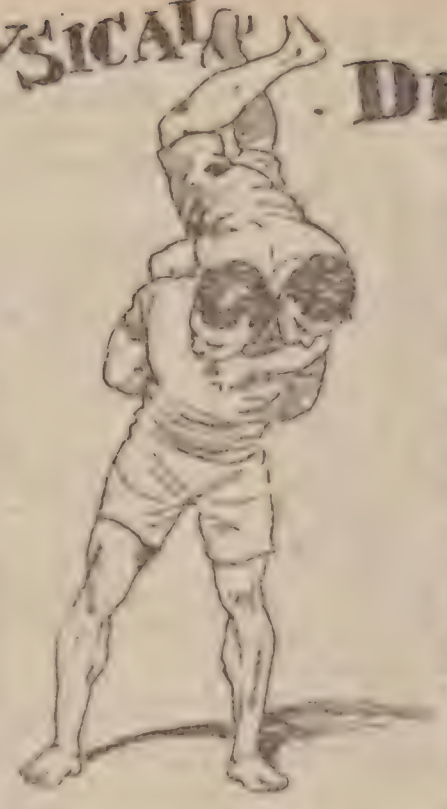
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CONSISTENCY.

In all methods of physical culture the first rule to be observed is to be consistent. A man who determines to take to the morning tub and only perseveres for a morning or two, will do himself more harm than good.

Similarly with the exercises, it is an absolute waste of time to practise these for a day or two and then drop them. When you take up exercising, keep it up for at least a month, and at the end of that time you will be beginning to feel the benefit, and will be loth to drop them.

Indeed, one of the great benefits of early morning exercising is that it may lay the foundation of regular habits for the rest of one's life.

To those who would be healthy, the golden rule is: work regularly, eat regularly, exercise regularly, sleep regularly.

FOR THE CHEST AND LEGS.

Here is an exercise which will benefit the chest and leg muscles immensely. The first position is upright with one foot in advance of the other. Drop on the knee, dropping the arm on the same side as the forward knee to the ground and extending the other.

Something new in exercises.

The lunge is made alternately with the right and left leg.

The whole value of this exercise will be lost if the lunging movement is not done very slowly.

Care should be taken to get the arm which is dropped to the ground well behind the extended knee. Keep on the front toe as long as possible, as the fingers of the one hand and the heel of the advanced foot should touch the ground together.

Dumb-bells would not be a bad addition, or even a couple of library tomes may be held in the hands.

VARIOUS AILMENTS AND VARIOUS REMEDIES.

So many men are apt to suffer from indigestion and internal complaints when on their holidays, probably owing to the fact that one does not pay any particular care to what one is eating when on pleasure bent, that I have thought it well to give you a number of simple remedies which I know from experience are efficacious.

The time of cherries and strawberries is at hand, and soon our tables will have their burden of autumn fruit.

All this is very pleasant, but as with pleasures generally, it brings with it its penalty.

Most people look for trouble by having one remedy for diarrhœa—and sticking to it, ignoring altogether the fact that there are several kinds of this malady which demand different remedies.

It will often attack a man when he has not been eating anything that is usually supposed to bring it on, and then it is a great mistake to take anything which will stop its course.

When sour fruit has been eaten, or anything of that nature, a dose of castor-oil must be taken.

And here let me give a tip to those to whom the taking of castor-oil is a trial of no mean order.

Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into a glass and pour the castor-oil on to the top of it very gently, tilting the glass, as you do when pouring out beer. Squeeze the juice from the other half of the lemon on to the top of this, and take immediately.

Sulphate of magnesia and sulphate of soda, a pennyworth of each, mixed is a good alternative to castor-oil.

A tablespoonful in half a pint of water is the dose.

If tinned food has been eaten and the stomach is out of order, take a dose of sulphate of magnesia and sulphate of soda, and follow it up by two or four more at intervals of about three hours. It is very likely that this may be the means of averting ptomaine poisoning.

If the trouble is bad and continuous, a purgative should not be taken but about half a dozen table-spoonfuls of cinnamon should be boiled with some rice in a pint of milk and taken to breakfast.

A flannel swathe worn round the abdomen is also a great relief.

Many men are troubled with constipation, and there is nothing which brings on that slack feeling so readily.

Before taking a laxative, try a change of diet. Eat plenty of green vegetables and stewed fruit.

Indigestion is another fiend that many a man has to grapple with and very often the remedies taken are worse than the disease.

Cream of tartar punch is a pleasant means of combating indigestion. Put a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a little sugar in a tumbler, add water and half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and stir.

A very good thing for cuts and wounds is boric stock solution. To prepare this put a quart of warm water in a saucepan, add a teaspoonful of bread soda, and a quarter of that quantity of salt. Boil this for two minutes.

When cool, bottle and dilute with two parts of water. Bathe the wound with this.

A GOOD THIGH EXERCISE.

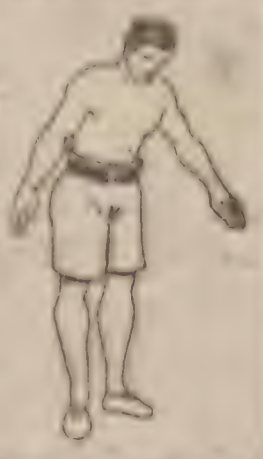
Stand with the feet a foot apart, and the toes pointing outwards. Raise the arms until the hands are midway between the thigh and the shoulder level.

Bend the body forward, the head inclined slightly towards the ground.

From this position turn slowly to the right, only stopping when it is impossible to keep the toes on the ground any longer.

Swing back to the first position, and repeat the exercise, but towards the right.

When in the first position you may straighten the back and take as deep a breath as possible.



Force the body round from the hips as far as you can.

This exercise is a wonderful developer for the thigh and hip muscles.

A very good variation of this exercise is to perform it while standing on the toes only.

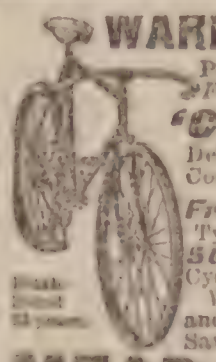
HOW TO COMBAT CRAMP.

The most dangerous of swimming drawbacks is, undoubtedly, cramp, for probably more good swimmers have met their death through it than from any other cause. There is only one way of dealing with it.

Immediately you feel the first twinge of pain, turn on your back, and kick the affected leg (for this is nearly always the seat of attacks) violently in the air, regardless of pain. With one hand rub the leg as hard you can, while with the other you paddle towards the shore with all the calmness your command.

At the same time, the toes of the cramped leg should be drawn forcibly upwards towards the knee.

If a man comes to your help, don't lie on your back and let him tow you, as the pain will increase. Work as much as you can, so that you don't impede him.



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HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100.

Much has been written in an endeavour to show how one may live to reach 100 years of age, but the consensus of opinion both of health experts and our leading medical men is that this age can only be reached by a person who, in the first instance, has a perfect constitution and who does not impair vitality and staminal power by any unnatural mode of living. To reach this age, one must, in a word, follow nature. The first law of nature is *exercise*. Beyond this one must pay attention to diet, baths, bathing, sleep. One must have regular hours, avoid worry, and breathe plenty of fresh air. All the above points and many others relating to health culture, exercise, and hygienic living are fully explained in a most interesting booklet, entitled "Health at Home," published by Mr. Thomas Inch, Inchian, M.M., 676 & 676A, Fulham Road, Fulham, S.W. Any reader mentioning *Modern Man* will immediately receive a copy and particulars of treatment. If but one year be added to the span of life through Professor Inch's course it must be considered that the nominal fee asked is a most profitable and desirable investment. Every reader is earnestly recommended to get in touch with Professor Inch at once.

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The PRIDE of SPURS

WHAT IS THE REAL CAUSE OF IT?

Since the days when the knight wore spurs of gold and the squire wore spurs of silver, and a knight's spurs were won by deeds of valour and not by contributions to the party funds, there has always been some indefinable attraction about the spur.

Why a piece of metal attached to a man's heel should have acquired any such prestige, I doubt if any man can explain, but the fact is unquestioned.

Whether we have become better horsemen than our forefathers, or whether we are merely more humanitarian, we certainly do not use the spur as a goad so much as it used to be used, but we have not altogether discarded it.

It still remains the distinctive mark of the cavalry soldier, and it is still worn by the hunting man and the country squire, and by many another civilian horseman.

A pair of jack spurs undoubtedly look smart, and they give a finish to the appearance; but why should one feel a sort of instinctive pride—conceit, if you will—when one is wearing them?

Possibly an explanation is to be found in the fact that a man who wears spurs is very obviously a horseman. He may not be a rough rider, but he can at least ride and manage a horse.

A man may wear breeches and leggings without ever having been across a horse in his life, but the man who wore spurs without having at least passed through his novitiate would be subject to such an amount of chaff and banter that he would certainly not do it twice.

Spurs, therefore, are an admitted sign of the ability to control and ride one of the finest animals God ever made, and of that a man is justly proud.

Most likely he has been through no small amount of tribulation in the process of learning to ride—aching muscles, tired and stiff limbs, and not a little mental anguish have been his lot, and perhaps he has experienced a bad fall or two into the bargain.

Surely the old phrase, "winning one's spurs," has a meaning to-day.

And the spurs that one gets with a uniform when at last all the formalities are gone through and one is in very truth a soldier of the King, seem to have an added value that no civilian spurs can ever possess.

To the pride of the horseman is added the pride of the soldier, for the man who is not proud of the right to wear the King's uniform, and does not confess it, is not worth his salt.

You may call it swank if you like, but it is at once a very pardonable and a very pleasant form of swank. The men who object to it are generally those who are really jealous of those they affect to despise, and who have not the pluck or the energy to "win their spurs" themselves.

It is not only the fair sex who are attracted by a jingling pair of spurs.

The cavalryman often makes a point of getting walking-out spurs of which the rowels have a triangle cut out of the centre, so as to increase the jingling of them.

Of course, the object is swank, pure swank, but who shall condemn it? It is to call attention to their spurs that they do it.

The cavalry-man does not merely want to make a noise. A loose rubber-heel will often make a very similar noise owing to the jingling of the metal plate on the screw, but instead of being proud of such a noise, one is rather ashamed of it, and puts a stop to it as soon as possible.

Many a man who has earned the right to wear spurs and has proved his equestrian skill, nevertheless cuts the points from the rowels or files them down.

He has learnt by experience that for all practical purposes the touch of the blunt rowel has the desired effect on a well-trained horse, while the risk of inflicting a bad wound, should the rowel get stuck, is avoided. Spurs still have their practical use, but it is not that which makes a man proud of them.

"Spurs are the first part of armour" runs an ancient proverb, which may be taken to pay but a poor compliment to the courage of the wearer, but certain it is that his spurs are the part of his uniform that the average mounted soldier—Regular or Territorial—regards with the greatest affection.

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Business is Business

MILLSTONES.

They are most useful and necessary things—in the right place. They will tackle the grain and turn out the finest [illegible] in the mill. But in [illegible] they are out of [illegible]. Unhappily they are fairly numerous in business offices.

They do some work even in offices, and an employer, fearing to replace one millstone by another, often endures the one he has rather than fly to others that may be worse, or as bad.

Business millstones are of both sexes and of all varieties, but they are all marked by their characteristic. This is their capacity for grinding [illegible], sometimes rapidly and well; sometimes rapidly and badly, which is their worst form of incompetence; sometimes slowly and [illegible] which is not quite so annoying or disastrous, for they do not go far without being brought to a standstill and the damage repaired.

Moreover, this latter kind is often able to accomplish certain kinds of work very well indeed, and once an employer has found out the single virtue of any particular millstone he is wise in restricting it to the one kind of work which it does well.

But far and away worse than the millstone with definite bad qualities is the one with uncertain qualities, the one with little stupid, irritating tricks. It causes more fret in a business mill than any number of downright bad stones that need watching for definite defects.

The worst sort of business employee—to drop the millstone simile—is he who is guilty of two heinous sins. He cannot take an order and carry it out without quibble and discussion, and he cannot refrain from asking unnecessary and foolish questions.

It is astonishing, but true, that the business world is thickly peppered with these nuisances. Of the two kinds probably—no, certainly—the first is the more destructive of the smooth working of an office.

He will listen attentively to directions, taking everything in. When nothing remains but to go and do what he has been told to do—or more often asked to do by his employer or his representative—he will begin :—

"Don't you think this would be a better way?"

"How about this idea; it seems quicker and simpler to me?"

Now, there are many things that an employer wants done in one, and only one, way. Though, like a wise man, he is ever ready to listen to really thoughtful suggestions, he does not like everything he says and orders to undergo a sort of impromptu criticism at the hands of his employees.

A severely polite and a politely severe and business-like manner and method is the only cure for this sort of nuisance. The chatterer must be taught to desist at all costs with a quiet, firm request to come to that at once, if you please, Mr. Millstone."

Of course, an employer does not wish to dam up any stream whence a valuable flow of suggestion may possibly—just possibly—come forth, and so he must be careful to keep open the avenue for this just possible contingency.

If he is not, it may mean that the stream of suggestion will overflow into a rival's fields and irrigate a rival tract with fertile waters.

As for the human millstone who asks unnecessary questions, well, he is best dealt with summarily.

R. A. MacNaughten.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

Stock Exchange prices are still sagging, and I am satisfied that the dearth of money for speculation and investment has been caused by the Rubber "boom."

The investor who has been "in it" from the start and has benefited accordingly believes—and rightly so—in the future of Rubber, and besides his present holding still invests all his surplus cash in the shares of his favourite companies.

The speculative "Stag" who started applying for shares in new issues at the tail end of the boom, and was only allotted the rubbish, has been unable to get out, and consequently his surplus cash has not only been locked up, but he has had to sell shares in other markets to meet the calls on his allotments, which were larger than he expected to receive. The result is that all markets are suffering, and it scarcely seems impossible to infuse any life into any stock or share, no matter how good the prospects of such stock or share may be.

Mexican Railway Stocks have reacted through forced liquidation of a stale "Bull" account and decreased estimates of the gross takings for the first two weeks of the new half-year; but this need not frighten holders. It affords an excellent opportunity for the investor to get cheap stock.

I still maintain that the Second Preference Stock is now on a sound 6 per cent. basis from the saving caused by the use of oil fuel and the prosperous and increasing trade of the Mexican Republic.

I am informed that Mr. Yorke, who went out on the company's business, has completed all arrangements with the Mexican Government to his entire satisfaction, and is now on his way home.

What the business is I don't pretend to know, but I believe it involves the retiring of the First Preference Stock. If this is so—and I am surprised it has not been done long ago considering the prospects of the railway—a portion of the too heavy interest of 8 per cent. will undoubtedly be saved by the company, and will put the Six per Cent. Second Preference Stock on a premier and sounder basis.

The London Venture Corporation are now preparing some new flotations, and as these issues are almost certain to meet with a successful return, the shares of the promoting company at 7s. are worth the attention of the small investor.

I still feel certain that investors in Harmony Proprietary and Rhodesian Copper shares at present prices will reap substantial profits before the year is out.

The position in the American Market has changed very slightly during the week, and to those in search of a promising speculative share we can confidently recommend Rock Island Common at anything under $35, and for a sound investment United States Steel Corporation Preferred at anything under $120.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J. M. (Cardiff).—In my opinion either of the banks you mention are quite good for your purpose, the former being, of course, much the larger of the two. Of course, if you are placing money on deposit the rate of interest is small, and you might secure a better return by investing in some sound securities.

C. D. (Birmingham).—There is no prospect of a rise.

J. W. (Manchester).—Your letter has been forwarded.

J. M. (Newry).—The company you enquire about was established in 1848 and registered as a limited concern in 1893. It pays 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital, and a bonus every five years after the valuation. The next period ends on December 31, 1910. No doubt on application at the office they would supply you with balance sheets. If your policy is with profits, you will be informed of the amount accruing after the 1910 valuation, and every five years thereafter. The surrender value of the policy is always considerably less than the premiums paid and can only be fixed by the company.

"Small Investor" (Norwich).—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Yes. (4) About 5s.

O. B. (Newcastle).—No. They are hardly worth the money.

M. R. N. (Bournemouth).—Hold them for a rise by all means.

F. H. (Gloucester).—Cannot get any any definite information with regard to the concern. Should fight shy of it at present.

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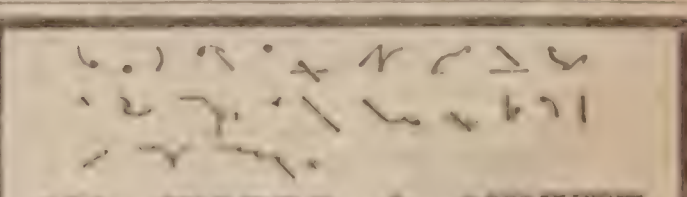

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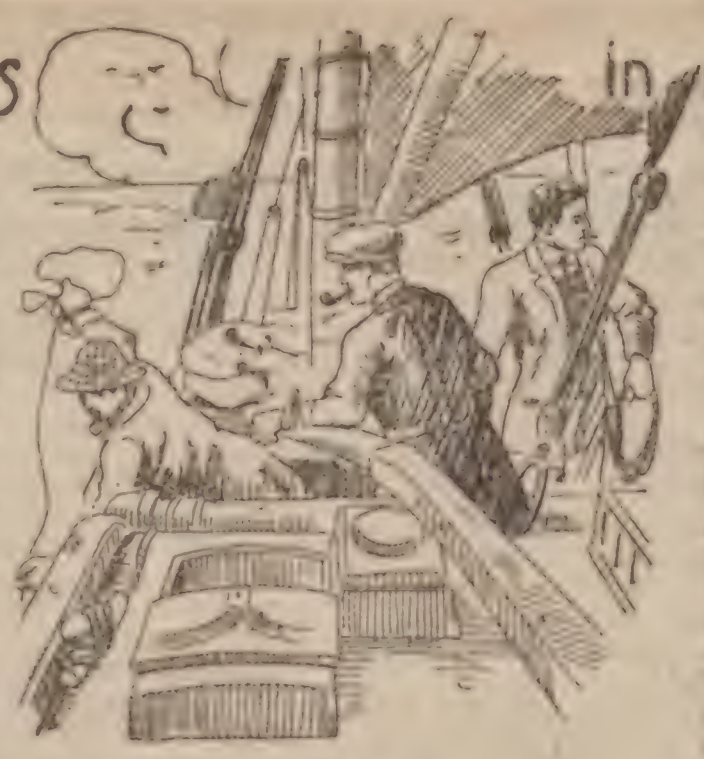
Week-Ends in a Bawley.



A NOVEL HOLIDAY WHICH CAN BE MADE PROFITABLE.

Saturday morning. The office clock steadily ticks its way on towards one; and as you arrange your desk and its papers in order, you find your thoughts wandering to the subject of the week-end you are to enjoy, before work claims you once again on Monday morning.

But somehow you do not experience all the exhilaration that you used at one time to feel at such thoughts, for your week-ends have a certain sameness about them. There are really so few sports that adapt themselves properly to restricted hours of leisure and slender purses; so that the struggling "harness-plodder," if we may coin a term, has perforce to fall back on an afternoon game of cricket or lawn-tennis, which, alas! is all too soon over, and, if he is not a golfer, or a cyclist, or a walking man, an intolerably quiet Sunday at home.

To the thousands of men who are in such circumstances, the following suggestion may come as a ray of light through the gloom.

Why not try a week-end in a fishing-bawley?

Most men who have never made the experiment will perhaps be inclined towards caution and questions. "How much will it cost?" will be the most prominent of these, and the answer is "Practically *nil*."

YOUR CRAFT.

First of all, a "bawley" is the name given in the Southend and Leigh district to the bluff-built little sailing trawlers so common in the Thames estuary. At low water they are to be seen in scores beached on the shingle; and a bargain can be readily made with some old salt—the proud owner of such a craft, who does not intend going out in it himself for a day or two—to let you have it over the week-end. He will only be too glad to pocket ten or fifteen shillings in this way.

Now, you should have arranged previously with two or three of your chosen friends to join you in your little outing, and to share "exes"—which in this way will be inconsiderable—so Saturday afternoon sees you burdened with a good supply of rugs, a large hamper of food, and—pray don't forget this!—fishing tackle and bait.

Bawleys are, as a general rule, manned by two men, a skipper and his "mate," so that you will find the little cabin fitted with only two bunks; but that doesn't matter. You can easily fix up a shakedown for one on the floor.

THE PROGRAMME.

If there are only three of you this will be enough; but if the party amounts to four accommodation for the fourth can be found in the "hold," a kind of little cubby-hole forward, which is generally utilised for keeping baskets and other lumber in. But this should have been previously thoroughly cleaned out, otherwise the pervading smell of brine will be none too pleasant.

The greatest amount of fun will be obtained by setting sail for some port within an easy afternoon's sail, and putting in there for the night. You will not have lunched, so that as soon as you are off you will begin to feel hungry. A little fire is quickly lighted in the cabin stove, and the kettle will soon be boiling merrily for tea. Meantime one or two of you should have dropped lines overboard, and brought up a sole or a codling or two, and upon these, hot and sizzling from the pan, you should set to with appetites freshened alike by fasting and good sea air.

One, of course, must steer; but you should take turns at this; or if the day is fine, and the "coast clear," as it were, you can, perhaps, all feed on deck together, with a lashed helm.

Put in that night at your chosen port, where you will have to pay "harbour dues," varying, according to the port, from about twopence to two shillings or so; and then you can either "turn in" or go ashore for a look round. But if you choose the latter course, don't debit your incidental expenses to the cost of the trip, for I don't want my confident statement as to its cheapness to be aspersed thus unfairly!

The next morning, up with the sun for a day's fishing. You should cruise about, two or three miles out, with as many lines going as possible. But leave yourselves good time to get back by nightfall to the port from which you started, so as to allow of your getting home for a good night's rest before going to business again on the morrow.

A PAYING SPORT.

If you are any use at all with your lines you ought to get a very satisfactory basketful of various kinds of fish by about two o'clock; and by arranging with some fishmonger at your starting-point to buy these at, say, sixpence or so a pound for "all sorts"—soles will no doubt predominate—you ought to realise a sovereign or more for them, a sum which will go a long way towards paying the expenses of your outing.

A point to be remembered is to provide for the evenings, as if these are spent on board the expenses are of course cut down. Take a few books with you and the cards. It is, of course, possible to fish for the most part of the night and sometimes this is the best time.

At any rate you ought to up with the dawn and have your lines in, and this may lead to the amazing of the fishmonger.

A week-end spent in this way is both health-giving and enjoyable, and it is clear that, sharing expenses between three or four men, the cost will not amount to more than about seven-and-six or ten shillings per head, a figure at which few enjoyable methods of spending the week-end could be devised on shore.

THE SKIPPER.

A last word, however. We have been presuming that at least one of your party has some knowledge of seamanship, an attribute which many men possess; but even if you are all innocent of it, there is no reason why you should not enjoy such an outing.

There is many an out-of-work retired salt in such seaside towns who would be only two glad, in consideration of about five shillings and his food, to take the entire care of the vessel's management off your shoulders.

A week-end in a fishing-bawley is one which many men might try with advantage; and, indeed, a longer cruise round the coast in such a vessel would be an excellent and at the same time inexpensive way of spending a summer holiday.

A. Mortimer.

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NEMESIS ON THE DOORSTEP.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

Before the fast-dying fire, in a most luxuriously furnished room, a young man crouched in an easy chair. He was haggard-eyed, and there were lines on his face that [illegible] was innocent of carving.

He hardly looked what he was supposed to be, a happy benedict in the immediate future.

It was the shadow of despair that hung ened his brow, fear that lurked in his [illegible]

What an idea! Why, the man was wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, and yet [illegible]

He picked up the poker and savagely poked at the sullen embers and they [illegible] into fitful flame.

He was about to resume his old position when his eyes fell on a note on the hearth-rug—the key to his mood lay there.

The postman to-day is the messenger of the gods, and he had brought Sam Curzon a letter in a woman's handwriting—a letter from an old love!

It had been an episode with him; the last of many.

He had sown his wild oats pretty [illegible] oughly, this man whose youth was not very far behind him. He had been a spoiled darling of Fortune up to now.

But Fortune is a woman with all a woman's changing moods.

He told himself that he was a fool to trouble. He had done with those old [illegible]

He was going to be married to a [illegible] pure girl, whose white chastity knew [illegible] even the stain of a thought that was [illegible] sweet. The passions and fancies of youth were over—put away for ever.

Edith was a lily—a Madonna lily!

And the last flickering jet of fire in the grate showed him another name—Cora!

He spurned the piece of paper with his foot. How dared the creature write to him? he asked fiercely.

She was only the gleaner of his wild oats, nothing more. She ought to have been satisfied to pay the price of his kisses with the wages of her life-long shame—and keep silence even to the workhouse door or beyond it to the pauper's grave.

Then he picked up the note and read it afresh.

Read its deadly dull monotony of expression with the threat in every badly formed letter.

The past would wreck his future and the man shivered, because with all his wealth he was impotent.

The creature who had ministered to his passions—so long ago that he had forgotten her—was about to step between him and his bride.

He sprang to his feet, he must prevent her somehow.

His white lily should not be contaminated by that scarlet thing of sin—his sin!

If he had had the writer of that menacing letter there, he would have choked her [illegible] silence, he muttered to himself with an oath.

"She says to-morrow." He had glanced again at Cora's note. Should he see Edith and tell her not to admit any stranger?

He put on his overcoat and went out into the blustering night.

Edith would be in he knew.

She loved him for that which he was not. If Cora kept her word, Edith would be as far out of his reach as yonder star which peeped out of a band of clouds for an instant.

As he neared the house of his betrothed he started.

What was that on the doorstep?

It was the figure of a woman with a [illegible] in her arms!

The Past stood on the threshold of the Future—his Nemesis had overtaken him.

A. M. Stewart.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S ESCAPADE

By ADAM STERN.

A light American buggy, drawn by a powerful, high-stepping chestnut, skimmed down the main street of Moulden one summer's afternoon, the vermilion wheels providing a splash of colour in the otherwise drab surroundings, and the nickel furniture of the harness glinting like diamonds in the sunshine.

The driver was good to look upon—young, with clear-cut patrician features, ice-blue eyes, and an imperturbable expression. His flat-brimmed bowler hat was set at a rakish angle, and the grey suit he wore advertised exquisite-ness of make no less than perfection of taste. A cattleya orchid in his buttonhole completed the picture, and he sat motionless, apparently interested in nothing.

But all at once he drew on the ribbons, [illegible] his head, and yelled inelegantly.

"[illegible] Selby! *Sel-by!*"

[illegible] Selby, proceeding in the same [illegible] but walking, looked, and raised his [illegible] in response to the waving whip. In half-a-dozen strides he reached the buggy.

"How do?" said Arthur Lyons, with his [illegible]d drawl, languid even when speaking [illegible]ally.

"[illegible]!" said Richard

[illegible] and heir of Vincent Lyons, Esq., of Bagley Court, Staffordshire, thrust [illegible] a slim gloved hand which returned a grip as strong as Richard's own.

"Just the man I want to see," he said. "Sure you won't miss your train?"

Richard laughed.

"Not catching one," he said. "I was merely going along to the chain-testing works."

"Always go at that pace?" inquired Lyons [illegible]ally.

"Why a so furious?"

"[illegible]. Eat [illegible]perceptful. Not the usual [illegible] the wind air. It marks you out. [illegible] ought to have been a soldier, old man."

"[illegible] here?" said Richard. "What brings [illegible] day,"

"This scorn of the unessential —— But answer. To see you. What y' doing [illegible]ight?"

"[illegible]thing special."

"[illegible] to dinner, then."

"[illegible]day on. Who'll be there?"

"Nobody. Just the guv'nor and Vi. And, of course, Aunt Julia—who, like the memory of our sins, is always with us. You'll do as you are. Riding rig-out just the thing. We've some sport to offer you."

"Sport?"

"A man-hunt. I'll explain when you come. There's a commercial gleam in your eye at [illegible] you won't lose until night."

Richard laughed.

"You're in high spirits," he said.

"[illegible] up from town. The Parliamentary [illegible] Always takes me like this."

"[illegible]ying long?"

"[illegible] to Norway to-morrow. Yachting. [illegible] Lord knows what else. Care to [illegible]?"

"No, no. I've got my living to get."

"[illegible], of course. Stern resolve, and all [illegible] thing. But I envy you. You put [illegible] butterflies to shame."

"[illegible]long," said Richard, good-humouredly. "I'm going. By the way, as I haven't seen you for so long—beneath Lyons's banter was a note of real sincerity—"how are things? Looking up? You needn't say; but I hope they are. I feel a twinge of the business nerve myself, more than occasionally. Suppose you couldn't do with a partner? An exceedingly somnolent one where work is concerned, but open to turn a thousand into two."

"No, no," interrupted Richard. "I'm managing."

"Foiled again. All right. What time to-night? Dinner at seven-thirty, as per usual. That suit?"

"I'll be there. I shall be riding out with Graill. I've gone back to live at his dad's place, you know."

"Ah, so Vi said. Graill. I remember him. Bring him with you, if he has nothing better to do. The more the merrier. We've got to nab this man."

"What man?"

"Some poacher or other. The guv'nor will tell you. A predatory ruffian of the most scientific order. Plugging pheasants and partridges with an air-rifle—pinching the fowl—doing no end of damage. He's been seen, but dissolves into darkness. Clever. My sympathies are with him—but the Proprietary Foot must be put down. If he comes to-night, we'll have him. We're organising all the gamekeepers we've got into a mobile squadron. Strict Q. T., of course. You're not the chap by any chance, are you?"

A keen glance accompanied Lyons's smile.

"No," said Richard.

A year or two ago it might have been. He had poached on Vincent Lyons's preserves without compunction, and knew every cover in the park; but Arthur Lyons was hardly the person to whom to admit it. His sister knew; but then, his sister and Richard shared many confidences unknown to the outside world.

"It wouldn't have surprised me to know you were. He has daring, and keeps his own counsel—which are characteristics not unlike your own. Well, good-bye. I shall keep you here talking all day."

He brought the chestnut round and the buggy sped away, its driver motionless, the ice-blue eyes, fixed straight ahead, apparently noticing nothing, the imperturbable countenance giving no hint of the lively nature beneath.

And Richard, pausing a moment to gaze after him, smiled to himself. An idea had flashed vividly before his brain—and it amused him.

II.

A small crowd was gathered in the stable courtyard at the rear of the Lyons' house. The gamekeepers had just left, each to take up a specific position and to give a certain signal if anyone came within the range of his observation. Vincent Lyons was just giving instructions to two sturdy young grooms.

"You will take the upper beech coppice—you the right side, and you the left. Don't smoke, please. Select one place and stay in it. If you spot the man, get between him and the outer fence before you blow your whistle. If you hear anyone else whistle, or a gun-shot, you will, of course, run in its direction."

In the faint light emerging from the harness-room, the only illumination save that reflected from the windows of the great square house, Arthur Lyons looked at his watch.

"A quarter past ten," he said. "Perhaps the gentleman has been and gone. In any case it is hardly thrilling—deploying a miniature army to bag one wretched little poacher."

"There may be several," suggested his father; "and we have no knowledge that he is either wretched or little. I'll wager he is serene in temperament and powerful in physique."

"So will I," said Violet, who was standing by. "Let's all have a bet about it. What is your idea, Dick—and yours, Mr. Graill?"

"I support Arthur's," said Richard. "But I won't bet."

"You must. I'm sure he's—all that dad said. Aren't you, Mr. Graill?"

"Yes," Graill agreed loyally.

"Very well. I'll bet Dick and Arthur a pair of gloves."

"And I'll back my opinion for a fiver, dad," said Arthur.

"We have to catch him first," smiled Vincent Lyons. "But I'll take you in shillings."

"Shillings!" said Arthur, disgusted. "All right. Same with you, Graill."

"Done!"

"We have odds on our side," said Richard. "He's bound to be wretched if caught."

"I adhere to his serenity under all circumstances," observed Vincent Lyons. "But come! You and I, Arthur, will reconnoitre on the east side, Selby and Graill on the west. You know what we call the Glebe ravine, Selby?"

"I think so," answered Richard. "Yes, I've walked by there once or twice."

Violet nudged him.

"Humbug," she murmured.

"I should say somewhere there. Violet, you can go in and go to bed."

"I can, but I sha'n't," she retorted. "If it weren't for my white dress I should come with you."

Lyons, *père et fils*, laughed and started off.

"Serene and powerful," she reminded Richard.

"Little and wretched," he answered, with amusement.

"Mr. Graill, I want you to promise me something."

"Graill, don't you do anything of the kind."

"Promise me you won't let him out of your sight for a moment. I'm convinced he's up to mischief."

"I shall watch him," said Graill, gravely. "Unless he slips you. . . . Dick!"

Richard returned. Graill strolled on.

"There isn't a pheasant cover anywhere near Glebe ravine," she said, her eyes shining triumph.

"I know there used not to be."

"It's the same now. . . . That's all—unless you want to double your bet."

"I shall bet you," said Richard, unconcernedly, "another pair of gloves I bring back a brace of pheasants *alive* from the side of the park where your father and Arthur and half a dozen gamekeepers are now hiding."

"Without their knowing?"

"Without their knowing."

There was a short silence.

"But I have so many gloves," she said.

"I will bet you a kiss, then."

"Good gracious, I didn't mean that!"

"Yes, you did. Is it a bet?"

"No—but I'll tell you. You shall agree not to kiss me for a month if you lose."

"You seem very sure I can do it," said Richard.

And he walked away while the victory was his.

III.

There was a clear sky, but no moon. In the Glebe ravine, Richard and Graill stood talking together in the lowest of undertones.

"The night-jar call—you know it?"

"Yes," whispered Graill.

"Twice in succession when I've done the trick. You'll hear it all right. Over there, see? to the *right*. It's just after eleven now. We don't go in till half-past twelve. I shall be back long before then, unless there's a hitch. Three times in succession—and you clamber out and dash off to the *left*, blowing your whistle for all you are worth. That'll draw 'em. Don't forget to describe the imaginary gentleman as little and wretched."

Richard gave a loud laugh.

"But what if the beggar really comes?" whispered Graill.

"He won't. He's the sweetheart of a maid in the house. Ven Taylor's the man."

"Down at Bagley?"

"The same. The greengrocer, with a brother a poulterer in Flaxminster. Now you know where the spoils go."

"You're well informed."

"I've been out with Ven many a time. . . I'm off now. Two calls, all right; three calls, a hitch—and you raise the alarm. Keep your ears open."

Richard climbed out of the ravine on his fingers and toes, and though Graill listened intently he heard no further sound.

Richard, in fact, after covering a few yards, sat down on the grass and drew a pair of felt slippers over his boots. Then for several minutes he remained still, searching about him with his eyes.

Ahead, in the direction in which he wanted to go, was an open stretch of park, rising gently to a clump of trees. Somewhere among those trees was a gamekeeper.

It helped Richard to know where the watchers were placed. He had no fear of being seen. The darkness was of that density through which a man may move like a shadow. The thing to guard against was being heard.

The old poaching instinct awoke in Richard—and with it its stealth—and with it its sight in the dark.

He skirted the clump of trees and descended the crest on the other side. He bore sharply inwards, zig-zagged, and reached some broken ground thick with undergrowth. A rabbit scurried away near his feet. An owl hooted. No night-jar call; he had never heard one in the park.

But he heard a voice; he heard feet. Both sounds were in the distance, and none but the finest ear would have detected them. He lay flat on his stomach for nearly a quarter of an hour, like a dead thing.

Then slowly, noiselessly, he wormed towards the belt of low trees on his left. It was not the gamekeepers he was principally afraid of disturbing; it was the pheasants roosting in the trees.

He arrived beneath them, a prostrate form, turned on his back and gazed upwards long and intently. Then he got to his knees, feeling in his pocket.

A scraping noise followed; a momentary light shone deep in a hollow, smothered by his coat; then came the smell of burning sulphur.

Standing at full height, he could touch the pheasants with his hands. One fluttered—but only one. It did not fall. His hands gently removed it. Another; and he departed silently as he had come, a pair of warm things, stupefied, buttoned inside his coat. [illegible] stopped, to send forth the night-jar call [illegible]

Square to the left, the yellow [illegible] the house were visible. He made [illegible] them, and for the front door.

Arriving on the balcony, he coo[illegible] on the stone balustrade, and secured [illegible] pheasants' legs with twine.

A footstep startled him.

A figure in white stood at his elbow.

"Hullo!" he said. "Where did [illegible] spring from?"

She pointed to a garden [illegible] of which was towards him.

"You dreadful man!" she said.

Richard laughed softly.

"Going to split on me?" he [illegible]

"I'm going to have you sent [illegible] with hard labour for a month."

"Then that bet will be lost," he said, turning [illegible]

"Oh, those dears!" she said, "Have you [illegible] with his arms about her. them?"

"An anæsthetic—sulphur, that's all. What a moment. I've got a card here—[illegible] Compliments.'"

"Already written?"

"Already written. I did it in the office."

"Worse and worse, but I like you to be confident. Won't Arthur be wild! It's too good a joke not to tell him. Besides, he owes dad five shillings, and me a pair of gloves."

"Where's your aunt?"

"In bed, long ago."

"Gradi is expecting me back, but how, I think he'll have to expect."

"We'll go down to the lake," confidentially, "and come back [illegible] dad is speechless at the audacity villain."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Editor.]

26 MONTHLY

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. W. W. (Sydenham).—You had better get married.

R. O. SULLIVAN, 38, Lord Street, Wolverhampton would be pleased to hear from readers in his district with a view to forming a rambling or cycling club.

L. G. (Cardiff.)—By all means take the commission. There is nothing like a commission basis for bucking a man up in his work. Wish you every success.

F. A. H. (Penzance).—When your eyes ache with working late bathe them in rose water. Open the eyes in soft-water every morning.

A. B. (Newcastle).—There is no necessity to go to France to get a working knowledge of the language, there are several correspondence colleges that will teach it you quite well, and a few personal lessons will enable you to pick up the accent.

X. Y. Z. (Capetown).—No; there is no one on our staff that knows the Zulu language.

W. E. (York).—Don't. Journalism is a lot too crowded already, and it would be absurd to throw up your father's business for casual writing.

A. P. (Oldbury).—You are as good a man as any, and better than a lot. Just have a little more confidence in yourself. They say in the Army that the right way to set off a uniform is to imagine that you've bought the earth.

H. R. (Mariupol, S. Russia).—We should not be surprised if a reader wrote to us from the North Pole. Thanks for your most interesting letter. We hope you will succeed in educating the natives to a better idea of sportsmanship. We must bring out an edition in Russian!

W. SYMONDS, 75, Crawley Road, Luton, would like to meet a reader who is, like himself, keen on country life and sport.

H. M. J. (Belfast).—Would not an impromptu sing-song meet the case? We do not propose to publish an article on how to build a monoplane. The fewer there are built the better.

P. P. (Birmingham).—We have an article on shaving appearing shortly, and others were included in early numbers. But why not ask a pal who knows? Thanks for your other hint. We shall consider it, but we printed articles on the subject weekly for some months last year.

C. H. (Shaw).—Your wish shall be gratified.

R. W. C. (Kensington).—Yes, the "Modern Man" cigarette is a Virginia one of high quality. Messrs. Bewlay and Co. are the only makers, and they tell us that smokers who once try them or the tobacco always come again.

A. H. (Johannesburg).—The best cure is to wash frequently in very hot water and use a rough towel vigorously.

S. J. (Newcastle).—The two Sanitary Companies of the Territorial R.A.M.C. both have their headquarters in London.

S. E. L. (Belfast).—For particulars of vacant posts in Nigeria write to the Colonial Office or the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

J. T. (Bristol).—To cure bow legs, strap your knees together and have a cushion between your ankles during sleep.

E. F. B. (Gibraltar).—For knock knees reverse the above process—strap your ankles together and have a cushion between your knees. We have dealt with these matters more fully in previous issues; consult your back numbers.

H. S. C. (Liverpool).—We quite agree with you that in many field sports there is a distinct element of cruelty. That is why we don't think very much of the sporting woman.

R. G. (East Dulwich).—Yet another lady reader! She says: "You for one only think girls are fit for playthings and live only for dress. I for one think this a confounded nuisance, and there are not many girls who do not wish hats to Jericho when crossing Waterloo Bridge on a windy evening." Dear lady, we have never said we regard girls as playthings; moreover, we cannot agree with you in considering clothes a confounded nuisance. There are police regulations, even if there are also advocates of the simple life.

C. D. B. (Westerham).—We should advise you to learn shorthand. As you cannot find a local teacher, you can't do better thon take Mr. Hubert Stewart's postal course. Write to 104, High Holborn for his books, and stick to it till you have mastered them.

R. F. (Belfast).—Shall be pleased to send you some copies along. Thank you for your efforts to help along our mutual interests.

P. B. (East Ayton).—Your M.M. has a long journey, but some of our Colonial readers could give your six-mile walk to a newsagent's some points. Hope you will be able to meet, or make, some local League members soon.

G. E. P. (Wealdstone).—The payment must, of course, depend on the amount of responsibility you have to bear. From a pound to twenty-five shillings would be the average for your age probably. Why not specialise in something? Now is the time to do it.

J. N. B. (Govan), **J. S.** (Salford), **E. T. H.** (Devonport), **F. E. J. O.** (Bath), **M. R.** (Llandudno), **L. D. M.** (Stockwell), **W. J. H.** (Pantasaph), **B. B.** (Devizes), **L. C. U.** (Romford), **A. J. F.** (Cork), **E. J. C.** (Bexley Heath).—Thanks for yours.

EARLY MORNING TEA.

The man who has lived any length of time in the tropics cannot understand how the average Englishman can get along, as he does, without a cup of tea and a cigarette before breakfast.

Of course, the man in the tropics rises very early, and has often got through his work, or, at all events, broken its back, before he sits down to what may be called breakfast, but is really an early lunch, at about 11 o'clock.

To work on an empty stomach is bad, but to have a heavy meal at 5 a.m. would be absurd, so he starts the day with a light breakfast of tea, biscuits, and fruit, followed by a smoke.

The French, of course, pursue a similar system, having a light meal of coffee and rolls on or before rising, followed by a substantial meat breakfast or luncheon about noon.

To the man who has acquired the early morning tea habit, the deprivation of it is purgatory, and will upset him for the whole day, just as much as it would probably upset you to go without your own regular breakfast.

Therefore, if you have for a guest a man who has lived in hot countries, provide him with an early cup of tea if he is too shy to ask for it.

In the month of August the herbaceous border keeps the gardener busy, for dead flowers must be removed at once if you wish the plants to go on bearing good flowers.

Dahlias must be tied up. Half-hardy annuals must be pegged down if the plants are straggling.

Evergreen hedges must be cut, and any shrubs that have grown too large must be cut back.

* * * * * * *

Daffodils should be planted out now, and the artistic gardener will realise how effective these flowers can be if the bulbs are set in grass or round the edges of a lawn.

Special tools are sold for the purpose of planting bulbs under turf, but I have found that a circular tin about 2½in. in diameter—a cocoa-tin, or one of that type—is most useful.

Dig it into the grass where the bulb is to be set, and a neat circle of turf will be removed, the bulb can be dropped in, and the turf can then be taken out of the tin and replaced without leaving a mark.

If it is found that the turf sticks in the tin and cannot be removed even by knocking the bottom of the tin, remove the bottom, so that you can poke the turf out with a stick.

It is hardly necessary to add that when planting daffodils in this manner they should *not* be put in rows or at equal intervals, but in irregular clumps.

* * * * * * *

As a weed-killer for gravel and other paths, the most commonly used dressing is ordinary salt, but although it is efficacious it is slow in doing its work, and unsightly while it remains on the surface.

A better weed-killer can be made by mixing 1½oz. of flowers of sulphur, 1lb. of lime, and a gallon of water. Boil the mixture and allow it to cool and settle.

Then pour off the water, and apply it by means of a watering-can and rose.

Be careful, however, not to let the poison get near any growing plants or turf.

* * * * * * *

One often finds that after pansies and violas have bloomed once, the flowers become very small and poor and the plants straggling and unsightly.

The only remedy is to take drastic measures and to cut the whole plant right back to the soil.

It will soon push up a number of shoots from the base.

These should be thinned out considerably, and a top dressing of leaf mould put round them, or even rich soil, and the pansies will bloom almost as well over again.

* * * * * * *

A reader asks me whether it is possible to layer pansies in the same manner as carnations.

This is quite useless, cuttings and seeds being the only means of propagating them.

The seed may still be sown this month, but it should really be put in a frame if you want to make sure of getting the plants sufficiently forward.

C. B. STAINER.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

KEEPING FLANNELS CLEAN.

Many men like to wear flannels while at the seaside, but find that they get dirty very soon.

Here is a tip which will make them presentable for several days, at least, longer than usual.

When you come in from a walk always flick your flannels lightly with a clean duster; but be careful to remove the dust from your shoes first, or you will flick dust on instead of flicking it off. In this way you will prevent dust that is only on the surface from getting rubbed into the white flannel when the trousers are folded up.

A good plan is to wear two or three pairs on alternate days, as the interval freshens them up considerably.

SOCKS AND FLANNELS.

While I am talking of flannels, I should like to add a word as to the socks to be worn with them.

White trousers and black socks certainly do not look tasteful.

Even if a man is averse to fancy hose, he had better "break out" into them if he intends wearing white trousers.

One can get white socks now with coloured clocks, to be worn with flannels, and they add to the appearance considerably. Only don't wear these white socks unless you are wearing white boots or shoes also.

TO HARDEN BRUSHES.

However careless a man may be about his toilet or his toilet apparatus, there is one thing he will not stand, and that is soft bristles in his brushes.

A soft-bristled brush is bad for the temper, because it will not do a parting properly, and bad for the hair, because it leaves the roots and scalp absolutely untouched.

Thus this recipe may save many good brushes being cast away.

First of all wash the brush well in boiling water to which ammonia has been added. Next add two heaped dessert-spoonfuls of salt to some cold water, and dip the brush in this several times. Let the brush dry in the open air, placing it bristles downwards.

Whether the bristles want hardening or not, your brushes should be thus treated every month or two, in order to keep them in condition.

At the same time it is advisable to treat your toothbrush and even your nailbrush in the same manner, for these also have a habit of getting soft.

THE CARE OF STRAW HATS.

Many men ruin their straw hats by raising them by the brim.

When raising a straw the thumb should be placed under the brim and the fingers on the top of the crown and then there is no fear of spoiling the shape.

When a straw is wet it should never be put near the fire to dry. Place it crown downwards on a table and put something heavy inside the crown. This will prevent the top of the crown buckling either outwards or inwards.

If your straw has got badly soiled, brush it well with ammonia or salts of lemon. If you happen to be a motorist try a little petrol. Failing these remedies, soap and water is, as I have remarked before, most effective.

THIN CLOTHING.

It is a great mistake to buy a suit made of very thin material. It does not wear well, it does not hang well, and is not suitable for the climate.

Surely no one expects to get more than a month of hot weather in the year, so why go to the expense of getting a suit for that one month?

If you want to get a suit before you go on your holidays, get some thick material.

No one need shudder at wearing even a tweed suit in hot weather now that one can get such very light underclothing.

If you don't want to wear a thick suit all the holidays, get a pair of grey flannels and a Harris or Donegal tweed coat to wear with it, as a change. This combination always looks well.

But since the trousers always wear out before any other part of a suit, it is best to get the whole suit and to wear the coat with grey flannels in the summer, thus taking the opportunity to save the trousers.

By the way, it is as well to remember that it will pay you over and over again to get a really good tweed coat while you are buying one.

THE TERRIBLE PINK.

Last week I was talking about colour schemes, and remarking on some of the pretty shades in the way of shirts that are to be obtained at present. But there are other shades that are—well, they defy description.

I met a man the other day who was wearing a pink shirt of a shade that seems to be very popular among the inartistic multitude. It walks away from the wearer and positively hits one in the eye.

It is bad enough when plainly made, but when made up with those innumerable tucks, concerning which I have already waxed wroth in this page, it is—the limit.

And when you wear a shirt of a distinctive shade, unless you are very sure of your taste, don't wear a bow-tie to it.

This kind of tie seems to say, "Well, what do you think of *this* shirt?"

Another entreaty I have to make to you is not to include a green Alpine hat in the socks-shirt-and-tie colour scheme.

Once again that is adding that terrible "just too-much."

CLEANING A MACKINTOSH.

Having a mackintosh dry-cleaned every time it is soiled at all becomes an expensive process, especially if it is of the usual light fawn colour.

Instead of sending it to the dry cleaner's give it a good scrub with soap and water.

This brings all the dirt off, and ammonia may be used subsequently to remove any grease spots.

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DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined, only one; a bargain, 1s. 6d.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Silk hat, in perfect condition, hardly used, 6 7-8, bargain; 5s. 6d.—Box 3226, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always Well-dressed on 1s. a Year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

For sale, pair brown leather leggings, nearly new, length 12½in., calf 14½in., spring fastenings 6s., bargain.—Box 3281, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2/9 GENT'S TROUSERS. 2/9

For 2/9 we will send 1 pair gent's tweed trousers direct from factory. What we sell for 2/9 others charge 5/6. All trousers are made of good, strong serviceable tweed cloth, well finished, with 2 side pockets and 1 hip pocket. The patterns are of the latest and in dark neat colours. Send at once for a sample pair and convince yourself of the marvellous value we give. Inside leg measure only required.—The Guildford Clothing Co., 1, Guildford House, Amhurst Road, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3194, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Modern anglers appreciate modern fishing tackle; quality unsurpassed. Serviceable rod, reel, and line complete. Fly from 10s. 6d., bottom from 5s., spinning from 6s. 9d., sea fishing from 6s. Delivered free. Catalogues free. Direct from the makers (no shops supplied).—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3195, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Exchange B.S.A. air rifle for sea rod and reel.—Prior, Albert Cottages, Falmouth.

Billiard table, 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in., splendid condition, nearly new, ivory balls, all accessories, good bargain; accept £4 10s.—Box 3256, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle board, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3257, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, floor to ceiling, bargain; 10s.—Box 3258, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£3 3s. Association croquet set, noted London make, 4 handsome mallets, shaped ash shafts, and choice 9in. by 3in. boxwood heads, 4 selected boxwood balls, heavy narrow hoops, gauge, drill, clips, and every accessory, complete in strong box, never used; what offers?—Box 3259, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a first-class second-hand bicycle (gentleman's), in good condition, good make.—Box 3260, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, never been used, one pair motor goggles; cost 6s. 6d., will accept 3s.; post paid.—Box 3261, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cycle, suit rider 5ft. 4in., free wheel, up to date, no rubbish; cash, or good exchange, photographic.—Full particulars, Box 3262, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Edgington's Dome tent, 10ft. 6in. by 6ft. 3in., complete, folding camp bedstead, pillow, canvas bath.—Box 3263, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

For sale, good Italian mandoline, complete, in case 17s. 6d.—Box 3264, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

First-class cornet, new condition, case, all accessories. Will exchange for good camera.—Box 3265, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mikado zither banjo and case, excellent finish, beautiful tone, nearly new; cost £6 15s., sacrifice for £3; going abroad.—Box 3266, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

A unique, interesting, and inexpensive holiday in Scotland, Lake District, Scarborough, Llandudno, Ramsey, Clevedon. Send stamp for illustrated book to British Holiday Association, Grange-over-Sands.

DOGS.

Wanted, fox-terrier pup; must be cheap.—Write Box 3146, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, small cross-bred dog pup, long hair, cheap, cash.—Box 3267, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman wishes to sell his curly retriever bitch, 3 years, excellent nose, dead certain on all wing game, heavily shot over on grouse moor, pink condition, not quite steady, £5; also bitch pup, 12 months, from same, untampered, £2 10s., or near offer.—Box 3268, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

First year's numbers "Modern Man" (or to date). What offers?—Porritt, Hanson Street, Bury.

Make Money by Writing. I do. In six years I went from bottom to nearly top of a great newspaper staff. Therefore my lessons in profitable writing are worth having.—P.O. 1s. for lessons to P. Walwade, 16, St. John's Road, Brook's Bar, Manchester.

"Modern Man," Nos. 3 to 89, inclusive. Excellent condition. Offers.—Roberts, National School, Felinfoel, Llanelly.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

30s. to £5 per week for work done at home. We provide materials. Send for particulars to the National Home Employment Association, 41, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3211, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Householder holding trustworthy position requires £12; repay £16, four months.—Box 3245, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, man to invest few pounds in exhibition novelty at the seaside; good profits, no risks.—Box 3269, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

15 Dunlop tyre shares (ordinary, 8 per cent.) for sale. Offers.—Box 3270, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rubber Company, 200 fully-paid shares, 3s.—Box 3271, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Farrow's Bank shares wanted.—Price to Box 3272, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Partner wanted, £25, suit elderly man, light employment.—Box 3273, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£35 required by gentleman for 3 months, £6 interest, payable monthly, sound security, interview if possible, good opportunity private lady or gentleman investor.—Box 3274, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3214, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3212, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3213, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Antiseptic, deodorising tooth-powder recipe by professional man mailed in return for P.O. 1s. 3d. Mouth-wash recipe, 1s. 3d. Both for 2s.—Box 3255, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles cured. An authority cured himself in 14 days after suffering for years. Will gladly send particulars of special treatment on receipt of 1d. stamp. Certain results. Rapid cure guaranteed.—Address, Renard, 160, Chapter Road, Willesden.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Wanted. Tippin's Sight Extension or B.S.A. No. 9 rear aperture light.—Ben Hurst, Julian Road, Bath.

Pencil drawn enlargements, 5s. each.—Send clear photo., J. Brown, Woodlands, Hothersall, Longridge, Preston, Lancs.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Auto-Strop safety razor for sale, once used. Accept 15s., or offer.—Box 3254, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Companion wanted for holiday on Thames in punt, 7 to 12 days; start from Oxford Aug. 15; share expenses.—Atkinson, 33, Bridge Street, Birkenhead.

Astrology.—Reveals the planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date with 1s. order. Two years' advice added.—Prof. Mercury, L.K., Llandaff, Glam.

Gibbons' Stamp weekly, Nos. 23 to 179 inclusive, 7s. 6d.—Box 3275, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted postage stamp album, for large collection. Approval.—Box 3276, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted to purchase, collection of foreign stamps. No dealers. Approval.—Box 3276, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New Ever-Ready safety razor, 12 blades, British made, case complete, 7s. 6d.—Box 3277, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Turkish bath cabinet, good as new, fittings complete, by Ellis and Co. Offers.—Box 3278, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, Whitfield safe, fire and burglar proof, duplicate keys. Cost £5 10s.; would accept £3.—Box 3279, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Aug. 6.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,
Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

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